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LADY ANNABEL O'NEILL.

52, Gower Street.



**THE Journal for all interested in**

**Country Life and Country Pursuits**

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## POULTRY FOR FARMERS.

FOR three years past Mr. Walter Palmer, M.P., has been experimenting with chickens, and he has published the result through Archibald Constable and Co. in the shape of a pamphlet, entitled "Poultry Management on a Farm." As Mr. Palmer is known to be a hard-headed man of business, this practical record of his work deserves more attention than is usually accorded to the speakers who simply quote what we pay for imported eggs, and then lift their hands in amazement at the British farmer who allows so much good business to go past his door. In the first year the balance-sheet showed a profit of £33, in the second of £68, and in the third of £83. This was on two farms—Kilby's and Crouch Lane—comprising together about 220 acres, in the parish of Winkfield, in Berkshire. It will be cheerfully conceded that the majority of tenant farmers with holdings of a similar size, whether they are engaged in general husbandry or dairy work, would regard this as a very substantial addition to income. A farmer who can show a clear profit of £1 an acre has good reason to be satisfied in these hard times. Probably one of the first points at which a man of only moderate means will look will be the valuation, which amounted in September, 1899, to £236, in 1900 to £400, and in 1901 to £647. One moral may be immediately drawn from this. The experience of

Mr. Palmer can be useful only to those who are prepared to lay out capital. It is idle for anyone to expect that an income will flow in by merely obtaining a few hens and giving only casual attention to them. A few items from the last balance-sheet will show that Mr. Palmer laid out his money on what to a tenant farmer would appear a lavish scale. Thus he spent £100 on chickens and ducks, and three times that sum on food and appliances, the total amount of his purchases coming to £459, and in addition £70 is put down for rent, labour, and the value of farm produce consumed. It requires no saying that a man who is thoroughly dependent on his profits would hesitate to lay out so much capital unless assured of the result. For it is impossible to conceal the risk. There is the chance of a bad season. Mr. Palmer himself complains that "two exceptionally dry summers much diminished the winter laying, when, of course, the highest prices are obtained." Next, the profit must depend on the skillfulness of the labour. Poultry keeping is a very "fine" art—that is, it demands great care to see that the chickens do not eat their heads off. We know of an enthusiast who kept a most correct account and found that his winter eggs cost him 2s. 6d. each, and his spring chickens about £1. That no doubt is a very extreme case; but still, if it be remembered that Mr. Palmer's profit was made out of over 2,000 birds, each of which must have contributed on an average 8d. of profit in twelve months, it will become obvious that outlay must be very delicately proportioned to leave a margin when subtracted from return. A bad purchase of food, a too prodigal servant for feeding, the getting hold of a bad market—all or any of these mishaps might spell failure for the year.

The question then is, whether an ordinary tenant farmer could attempt with a fair hope of success to do what Mr. Palmer has done. A great deal depends on the prices obtained and on a proper and regular system of marketing. Those who work on a small scale may do well by only supplying private customers, who do not mind paying a little extra for the advantage of being sure of the freshness and good quality of the produce, but those who hope to make a considerable proportion of their income from poultry must face the prices at the public markets. Needless to say, these are steadily kept down by foreign importation. In an official Russian publication it is stated that the peasant producers of that country can make poultry keeping pay by selling eggs at five for a penny, and the net return to the Danish poultry keeper has been worked out at 8d. per dozen for fresh eggs. Last year the average price obtained by Mr. Palmer was 1s. 1½d. per dozen, which proves, says he, that "at Kilby's farm the profit realised is not due to exceptionally high returns." They are, however, very good returns, and somewhat better than those obtained at Leadenhall Market. Very few poultry keepers get on an average one penny per egg all the year round. Mr. Brook in a table supplied to the author gives the price of the best English at from 15s. to 19s. the great hundred, that is, ten dozen, in December, and equally good returns are available in November and January; but it requires much skill to make hens lay freely in these months, and for the rest of the year prices are very much lower. It would not be possible to work out the average without the quantities being given as well as the prices, and the omission seriously curtails the value of the paper. Mr. Palmer recommends working through the Poultry Organisation Society, at whose meeting last week he made an excellent speech. It is formed on the Danish model, and gives pretty much the same advantage to the members. "The producers," says Mr. Palmer, "are paid 3d. per dozen less than the sale price, which in this instance (Whitchurch branch) works out at 1s. 1½d." For his table birds, Mr. Palmer received what we must consider the good average of 3s. 3d., 3s. 2d., and 3s. 5½d. per bird in 1899, 1900, and 1901 respectively. He attributes the increase shown in the last year to the use of the cramming machine—"the price per pound for many of the crammed birds has been 1s., the birds often weighing from 4lb. to 5lb. when plucked and trussed." It would be interesting to know at what market he sold them, or if any large number of the birds went to local customers. A man with a milk round in a county town such as Reading may easily form a very good connection for the sale of table poultry. We may add that on the stiff clay of the district it has been found that Indian game crossed with buff Orpingtons give the best table birds, but for laying purposes the buff Orpingtons are crossed with brown Leghorns, the cockerels of the cross proving good table birds, and the pullets good layers and sitters, while the young chicks are usually vigorous and mature rapidly.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

ONE of the most interesting marriages in the ante-Lent season was that of the Hon. Arthur O'Neill of the 2nd Life Guards to Lady Annabel Crewe-Milnes, daughter of Lord Crewe by his first wife, who was the daughter of Mr. Frederick Ulric Graham. Lady Annabel O'Neill forms our frontispiece.





LORD KITCHENER had prepared a wide net for De Wet, but the astute guerilla leader once more managed to escape, though with heavy loss. It is no easy matter to make a line of fifty miles impenetrable at every point, and naturally De Wet chose a dark night for his attempt to break through. The plan showed his usual inventiveness. A number of cattle were driven pell-mell against the barbed wire, and when, at the expense of their skins, the foremost had made a break, he managed to slip through amongst the others. Not often can this happen, however. Every time he appears with fewer men, he has no cannon, and his small arms are diminished, so that the end is inevitable. Lord Kitchener's drive reminds one of a great sporting event, only it must have been much more exciting, since everyone engaged, beating or otherwise, must have known that at any moment he might become the mark for a sniper's bullet. A moral to be drawn from the affair is that the Boers will be well advised to take the counsel offered them by that impartial friend of their cause, Count Sternberg, who in an interesting letter has fully expressed his opinion that the game is up.

Our daily contemporary the *Daily News* has recently undergone so many changes of ownership that a new one can scarcely be called a novel item of news. It seems that Mr. John Cadbury, who formerly was a large shareholder, and Mr. T. R. Ritzema have taken it between them, and it is still "to be carried on in the Progressive interest." Whether progressive means absence of gambling, we are not told, but betting and Turf news are to be rigidly excluded from its chaste columns. One can scarcely imagine the paper coming to support Lord Rosebery after this; at least, it is fair to presume that for some time to come he will retain some little interest in "betting and Turf news." When we come to think of it, there are several leading politicians whose figures are not unfamiliar at Newmarket.

Of all possible methods of preserving the famous view from Richmond Hill it would appear that the least desirable has been taken. Into the dispute about Ham Fields we have no desire to enter, but it is open at least to express a regret that land about which there is any controversy should have entered into the bargain, as this was a sure means of evoking opposition. At present there are certain Lammas rights over it—that is to say, it lies under the old custom by which land was cultivated by private owners mostly for hay during one portion of the year, and was a common pasture for the remainder. As long as these rights or alleged rights remain the land cannot be built over, and opponents of the Richmond Hill Preservation Bill have not been slow to come forward and denounce the measure as a scheme on the part of the Dysart trustees to obtain the absolute ownership of 400 acres of land. Of course that would mean a very large increase in value. As we have said, it is not our purpose to offer any opinion on the merits of the controversy, but we are sorry that some method less open to objection has not been adopted for the purpose of making this famous view secure.

A bad case of bird destruction was reported the other day by the Bridlington branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. As is well known, there is one of the various sanctuaries for sea birds at Flamborough Head, but it appears that during the past five months the shore shooter has been hard at work undoing the care exercised during the breeding season. The allegation is that just now there is a demand in London for white feathers for millinery purposes. "One man," says the report, "entered into a contract to supply 10,000 birds to a London house." We hope there is some exaggeration in this report, but in any case it is very deplorable that a set of idle gunners should go popping at such harmless inhabitants of the sea as gulls, terns, and solan geese. The remedy suggested, an extension of the close time, does not sound very practicable. If it be made an offence to kill these birds during any one month of the shooting season, it might just as well be made penal to shoot them at all.

Really the only plan would seem to be for the Bishop of Hull and those who think with him to impress on the fair sex the dire iniquity of barbarously ornamenting themselves with birds' feathers.

A striking example of the difficulty which is encountered by inventors in overcoming the prejudice of habit is given by the history of the "Plywell," a device which we desire to recommend with all the power at our disposal simply in the interests of our friend the horse. Possibly the recommendation may put money into the pockets of Mr. Brigg, the inventor, of whom we never heard until he gave a demonstration before Lord Suffield, Lord Erroll, and a number of persons interested in the welfare of the horse, on Monday. If it does, then so much the better, for we are absolutely convinced that the general adoption of his device would mean an immense prevention of waste of the power of carriage and draught horses in double harness, and a great diminution of suffering for them. In fact, it would be an incalculable blessing to men and horses.

The apparatus is, as His Majesty the King said at York in 1900, so simple and effectual that the only marvel is that nobody ever thought of it before; and that, of course, is the history of all great inventions. Speaking generally, it consists of two bars, hinged to the pole slightly to the rear of the pole-chains, and fastened to the pole-chains at their outer extremities, to which the horses also are attached. The result is, obviously when one comes to think upon the matter, that in backing and stopping all the power of the horses is used effectually, whereas under the present system quite half of it is wasted in "hanging away from the pole." The power, in fact, is all applied in the right direction, which is the one thing needed. How much more effectual is power thus applied was demonstrated to eye and mind in many ways. So much impressed was Lord Suffield by the apparatus (which is not in the least unsightly) when he was Master of the Horse to the Prince of Wales in 1900 that he caused it to be affixed to all the carriages at Marlborough House, and certified: "It is found and acknowledged by all the coachmen that the advantages claimed for the invention are fully warranted."

In addressing the assembly of experts Lord Suffield spoke very warmly. It served, he said, almost to do away with the evil effects of bad driving in coachmen. "Hands," that mysterious quality, it could not impart to them, but it could and did compel them to keep their horses level in going down hill, and in stopping carriages when in motion; and that was a great thing gained. That the invention will not be popular at first among coachmen may be taken for granted. They will answer, indeed many of them have answered, as the agricultural labourer or the old-world farmer answers concerning improved machines, that they used to get on well enough without it. But it lies with owners to be firm in the matter, and they will have the example of the King to support them, to say nothing of the recognition by Lord Kelvin of the truth of the fundamental principle.

Mr. Sidney Cooper, who died the other day on the verge of being a hundred years old, was a remarkable example of long-continued activity. He began work at twelve, and did not finish till he was in his ninety-third year; further, the last was as good as the first. But that is really to say that he wanted something of being a genius of the first water. That quiet, steady, unflinching, unrelenting work of the industrious man has a way of remaining at about the same level. Thus the interest of his life lies in the man rather than in the painter. He fought his way upward with a pluck that we in England admire. He began by painting coaches at 12s. a week, and, though helped by an uncle, had a difficult struggle with poverty in his youth. He went to Brussels, and was very nearly reduced to relying, like Goldsmith, on his flute, but saved the situation by painting the portraits of his hosts, though at one time the joint purse of himself and a friend actually totalled 52fr. He returned to London with a wife, a child, and a sum of £13, and from that position rose to the prosperity of his middle and later life. His was a long and almost untroubled career.

The salmon fishing season seems on the whole to have opened very fairly well on all the Northern rivers, with the exception of the Don. Here, unfortunately, disease is said to be very rife, and it is to be hoped that proprietors will do their best to aid the river keepers in getting it down, for it spreads very quickly and infects the river. The heavy and early fall of snow, the mild weather that succeeded it, and then the sharp frost again, form a series of conditions as favourable as could be hoped for the angler, and certainly better than we have known for several years past.

People that have rainbow trout ought to watch them now, in order to see when they begin any spawning operations. April, probably, is to be taken as the normal date for the

spawning of the rainbows, but we hear of exceptional instances of the spawning of these trout in this country as early as December. It will be very interesting to see whether they will conform by degrees to the habits of our trout, or will be faithful to the programme followed in the American lakes whence we imported them. Animals, as a rule, conform to local conditions. The Australian black swan, of course, is the typical instance which began, when first it came over here, with nesting at the date of the Australian spring, but now has learnt wiser ways, and nests at the date of our native swan. But there is not much analogy between the change from Australian seasons and our own and the change from North American seasons and ours. The rainbow trout will not have the same strong arguments for conformity with the ways of our trout that the black swan found for conforming. Nor is it at all sure that such conformity is to be wished. It is not a small advantage to have a trout of the fine game qualities of the rainbow which will continue in season right up to the winter. Some pisciculturists have an idea of crossing the brown trout with the rainbow, but it is hard to believe that the latter's wandering propensities can be cured by such a cross. If they are given abundant food and fair depth of water, the rainbows will not wander, and, after all, it appears that the cross is not at all easy to effect, and its possibility even has yet to be proved.

In the West of England, where trout fishing begins early, we hear that the trout are very forward. An angler mentions capturing a well-conditioned trout and flushing a landrail on the same day in February. If the bird made as late a stay as this, it is not likely that it would migrate at all this winter. Possibly it was a wounded one, but it is not unlikely that a few landrails spend the whole of the winter in the West of England, and the mildness of the early part of the present season would encourage them to do so. An interesting introduction to this country is that of some ova of the Great Lake trout of America, from Lake Michigan. It is doubtful whether they are likely to be of any great value to the British angler in general, for their natural habitat is a colder water than we can give them except on some of our mountain lochs. In the American lakes they go to a weight of forty pounds or more—that is to say, that fish of that weight have actually been taken. Up to how many pounds their weight may have been talked we dare not say. However, it is very difficult to know how they may do in a new water. The natural habitat of rainbow trout is lakes that often are frozen over; yet in this country it is said that they do best in water of rather warm temperature. A forty-pounder trout is worth the trouble of introduction.

#### THE FRENCH PARTRIDGE.

As I was passing by a wood one day,  
A little partridge came my way,  
With slender legs of dainty red,  
And, in a foreign way, he said:  
"Ne tirez pas, ne tirez pas!  
Je suis Français, mon Dieu!  
Ne tirez pas."

Another hand, not mine, then fired; he fell,  
And, quivering, lay upon the ground;  
But 'ere the fluttering life had fled,  
With little sob he bravely said:  
"N'y pensez plus—n'y pensez plus,  
Allons, voyons!  
Je meurs Français,  
Adieu!"

J. L. MOLLOY.

Count Posadowsky, the German Minister of the Interior, was probably wise in his generation when he pointed out to the Reichstag that anything in the nature of State interference with the Christian scientists would not only fail, but also encourage fanaticism. The criminal code of the German Empire, like our own criminal law, suffices, if properly applied, to punish those who, in the name of faith-healing, prevent the sick from taking proper remedies, and those who obtain money from the credulous by this particular kind of false pretence. The pity of it is that in this country, apart from the difficulty of obtaining a conviction, judges are weak in passing adequate sentence upon a peculiarly base class of offenders. For the dupe there may be mercy; for the impostor who trades upon him there need be none. It is good news, therefore, that the Kaiser has been in consultation with the chief of police on the matter, for a few raids on the faith-healers in his German capital would produce a wholesome effect. Your impostor, especially if he be a man, is nearly always a coward.

It is a great satisfaction to all who were concerned, or suspected by malicious rumour of having been concerned, in the matter of the disappearance and the reappearance of the Gainsborough "Duchess of Devonshire," that the death of "Adam Worth, a notorious criminal"—of whom most of us had not

heard the name—clears up the whole mystery. Worth stole the picture and carried it to Paris, whence it was taken to America. Two years ago Worth, believing himself to be about to die, confessed his crime to the famous Pinkerton, on the terms that the secret should not be revealed, although the picture might be returned to Messrs. Agnew, before he died. Worth did not die then, but he is dead now, and the secret is revealed. So all goes well, except that Mr. Pierpont Morgan will have to pay a large sum for taking his treasure home; and after all he can afford it. Pinkerton, on the other hand, is a huge and unofficial institution which we in England can hardly realise; but in a case of this sort he has his uses. One can hardly imagine Worth reposing his confidence in Sir Edward Bradford, since Sir Edward would have been bound not to respect it.

To be a verger at St. Paul's would not appear to be one of the least lucrative positions, if we may judge by the will left by the late Mr. Robert Russell Green, which was proved the other day. For many years he held that position, and he died leaving £18,025 gross, £17,364 net, personalty. We do not assert that this fortune was all acquired during his vergership, though one would not imagine the position to be likely to tempt a man of means, and on the face of it the conclusion is obvious. Besides, a somewhat similar case is well within the cognisance of the writer. Some excellent houses near his abode are owned by an individual who all the week wears a uniform more humble than that of a verger. Every Sunday, however, he dons raiment of respectable black, and may be seen walking up and down before his property with a gait which those who know him in the City are very familiar with. If to make money be the prime object in life, happy are those placed where clothes are found and tips are plentiful.

If last Saturday's news from Paris be ultimately justified, civilisation will have gained a victory over the secret forces of nature equal in value to the end of a great war. M. Otto, a chemist attached to the Sorbonne, is said to have discovered a method of using ozone on a large scale and at a small price for the sterilisation and purification of water. Those amongst us who dwell in the neglected parts of the country, which are far too numerous, know to our cost and sorrow how great this boon will be; and the prospects of the discovery are hopeful because it is in harmony with the little we know of the effect of natural aeration. Moreover, it is worthy of note that the ruinous drain upon our rivers made by waterworks is due at least as much to lack of purity in the ordinary sources of village water supply as to deficient quantity. If the local supplies can be purified, there will be less need for drawing upon the rivers, and the watercourses will be full.

At length France and Germany have come to an understanding, their common foe being a somewhat nebulous English *gourmet*, on the subject of the trans-continental traffic in live quails for the London market. As far back as the first week of last year, Herr Posadowsky announced in the Reichstag that the preliminaries were in progress, and the French Minister of Agriculture has just made public the final settlement. While sceptical on the subject of the alleged exclusive consignment of the much-harassed quail to London by *rapide*, we are none the less glad to welcome any measure that tends towards the preservation of so sporting a bird as the quail and one which, moreover, owing to the manner of its life at the season of migration, is so extraordinarily exposed on the foreshores of Southern Europe to the operations of cosmopolitan poachers. At the same time, we cannot blind ourselves to certain *lacune* in this latest convention. In the first place, the discontinuance of the railway traffic in quails from the end of the present open season in Central Europe, takes no notice of the great discrepancy in the closing dates not merely in the various countries embraced in that definition, but even in neighbouring districts of each. In the second, can it be seriously imagined for one moment that if the greed for roast quail were as general in London as our friends on either bank of the Rhine seem disposed to believe (we by no means take the truth of this for granted), British ships would not find a means of circumventing the overland prohibition and conveying the birds by sea, particularly as one at any rate of the seasons of passage falls at a time of the year specially favourable to quick transit in fine weather?

Russian *savants* are looking forward with interest to the return to St. Petersburg of Professor Herz with the great Siberian mammoth. He is bringing the skeleton and part of the skin and flesh, including most of the interior organs, and about a hundredweight of food found in the stomach of the monster. The parts kept weigh over a ton, and much of the flesh was given to dogs. It will be of interest to compare the measurements of this specimen with those of the many others found from time to time in Siberia, and with the carved tusks found in caverns of the South of France.



## AVON PIKE.

THERE is a great satisfaction in catching a thing like a pike. The satisfaction is whole, complete, unreserved. When you catch another fish, say a trout, or even a salmon, your pleasure has reservations. Who can give the knock on the head that puts an end to the eager life and the fight for life that have afforded you such excitement, without a pang of sorrow as the death shudder runs all down the length of the fish? But the pike does not rouse your pity, he does not ask it, he does not need it. The whole-souled satisfaction of killing him is like the pleasure of killing a wolf or a shark—the world's enemy. It is a work of mercy. He preys on the feeble folk, and you, by his killing, have rid them of a killer. You may conceive of yourself, if you please, as a champion of small fishes. There is something grim and terrible in his aspect. He seems halfway between a fish and a crocodile—wholly crocodilian as to his jaws, but never deigning to shed even those hypocritical tears which popular legend attributes to the crocodile. He has "no bowels" of compassion, as the old writers would phrase it. He is "hard as nails," in a more modern way of speaking. And you fish for him—with best hopes of success, that is—when the weather is in a hard biting mood, as if in harmony with his characteristics. No doubt he has his uses in the economy of Nature. He shows a predilection for the weak and the maimed of the species he preys on—so, at least, many will tell us, although for live-bait to allure him we like a bright and vigorous dace best of all.

And how shall we fish for him? That is the problem set when the first two questions are answered, namely, is there a river and does it contain pike? These are questions that can be answered with confidence in the affirmative when the river is the Avon at Ringwood, as in the case of the stream that figures in these illustrations. It contains nobler fish perhaps—the Avon salmon always is heavy, a well-nourished fish in fat feeding waters. But the pike is to be caught when the salmon is not, and after the salmon the pike certainly is the heaviest fish in the waters. There are various ways in which you may tempt him to the angle. You may spin the artificial minnow or the spoon-bait, but he is a knowing fish, and prefers the works of Nature. Such humblest of Nature's products as a fat lob worm does not come amiss to him, and he is fond enough of a frog. Even small moorhens and ducks appear on his menu for dinner, though they are not often used as baits. But above all, no doubt, the cannibal likes his own fishy kind. He likes it, as has been said, bright and lively, and of special preference, perhaps because the dace has these qualities in perfection, he likes a dace. Therefore with dace let us tempt him. There is something, it may be, in this live-baiting business that goes to the heart of the humane angler. The piercing into the flesh of the small fish used as the lure goes against the grain, as the saying is, but there is every reason to think that we cannot measure the pain, if pain there be, that is felt by a fish, a creature of cold blood and little developed system of nerves, by any standard at all like that which we apply to a man, or indeed to the lowliest vertebrate animal. The fish, it is to be hoped, suffers little, and, in any case, it may be argued thus, that if three dace, say (let us take that as



W. A. Rouch. A SKILLED ASSISTANT. Copyright—"C.L."

an average) be put to a certain pain in order to catch one pike, it is morally sure that that one pike, had he lived on, would have put to death and have eaten, with every circumstance of discomfort, considerably more than the three dace which have been sacrificed to compass his death. There seems sound argument and consolation in this for the humanitarian. Now, when you are come to the river, your first concern should be for your live-bait. Here, by the first likely "swim" you should place the tin in the water, so that the bait within may have a fresh change of oxygen. You have rod, line, a big cork float, a length of gimp or wire (gut, even the strongest, is no use to resist the teeth of our friend the pike), a weight of lead to keep the bait near, but not touching, the bottom, and the live-bait tackle

below. A skilled assistant may aid you, if you do not happen to be well acquainted with the stream, in getting the float at the right place on the line to keep the bait just off the bottom. He will gaff you your fish, and if you have the luck, as is shown here, to catch a nine-pounder, or bigger, the work of disgorging the hooks, which he will do for you, is one that requires some deftness. The pike has a pair of jaws that close more tightly than is quite agreeable on a hand or a finger incautiously placed between them, and how far down he will swallow the bait has to be seen to be understood. Sometimes he has to be cut up to reach it. This is the place where the fun began on the day that these pictures illustrate. It was a grand day for the sport, with a sharp nip in the air, and more than a ripple on the water, caused by the keen breeze from the west. The morning's sport began (for all these were caught in a morning's work by a single rod plied by a fisher of not the maturest years' experience) from the grounds of the vicarage (by special



W. A. Rouch.

THE TIN IN THE WATER.

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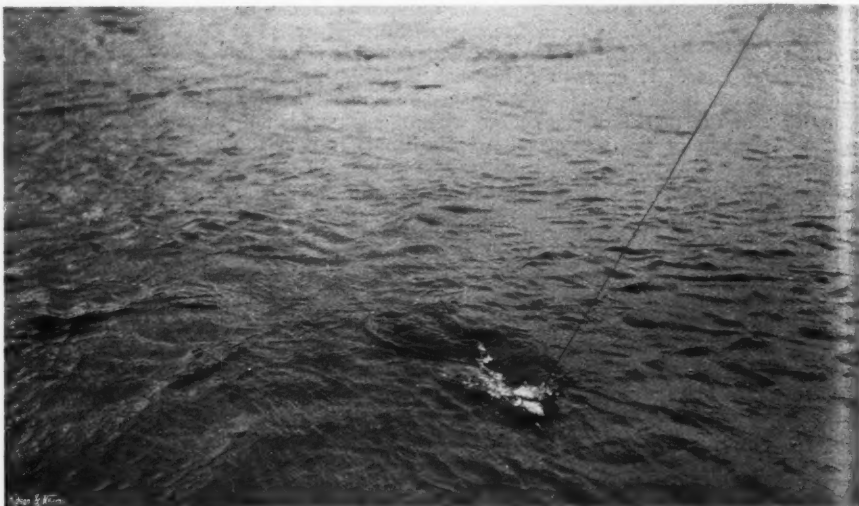
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WHERE THE FUN BEGAN.

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permission) opposite the middle bridge. Here two jack were taken, but both were small, under three pounds in weight, and both were returned to the water. Fourteen in all were caught between ten o'clock and one, and none were below two pounds; but of those that were kept all were clean and healthy, a fine bag of six, with the nine-pounder the biggest. The best pool of the lot was opposite the high road, between the second and third bridges. Those who know what this pike fishing is, will know well in what manner 'the fun begins.' It begins, as one watches the float going down the stream, with a sudden small tug, this way and that, at the cork. This is the dace, suddenly taking fright at the sight of the pike. This way and that he darts, to try to escape the monster. Wait a while—do not strike, even though the float bob under; wait till it is drawn well and steadily under—then you may strike. And when you strike, strike with a will. There is no use here in that little turn of the wrist that does for fixing the tiny hook in the mouth of a trout, or even the snatch up of the point that pierces the barb into the mouth of a salmon. Here it requires less a strike than a steady, long-drawn, sideways pull, to drive the point or points into the leathern jaws of the pike. There is no fear of breaking your

jack, as we have seen that one or two were put back on the day when our pictures were taken. But the Avon is wide, as well as



W. A. Rouch.

FAIRLY HOOKED.

Copyright—"C.L."

fat; there is room for the pike and for all the other piscine kinds as well. The cannibal takes his toll, but there is space and feeding for all.

The weeds are beautiful, as they wash to and fro in the placid stream, but their beauty appears a vanishing quantity when your pike, with his first strong rush, bores down into them and gets your tackle entangled. This is the game that he always tries to play, and therefore it is well to be prepared for it. There need be no compromise with good pike tackle. You need not trouble to handle him gently. Hold him hard, so that he shall not get among the weeds, or in the neighbourhood of any dangerous snags in the river, and you soon may bring him to the gaff. The pluck that makes them fight to the finish is the prerogative of the nobler game fish, the trout and salmon. All the others, though they show a gallant resistance at first, give in very quickly.

And when you have caught your pike you not only have rid the river population of a beast of prey, but you have

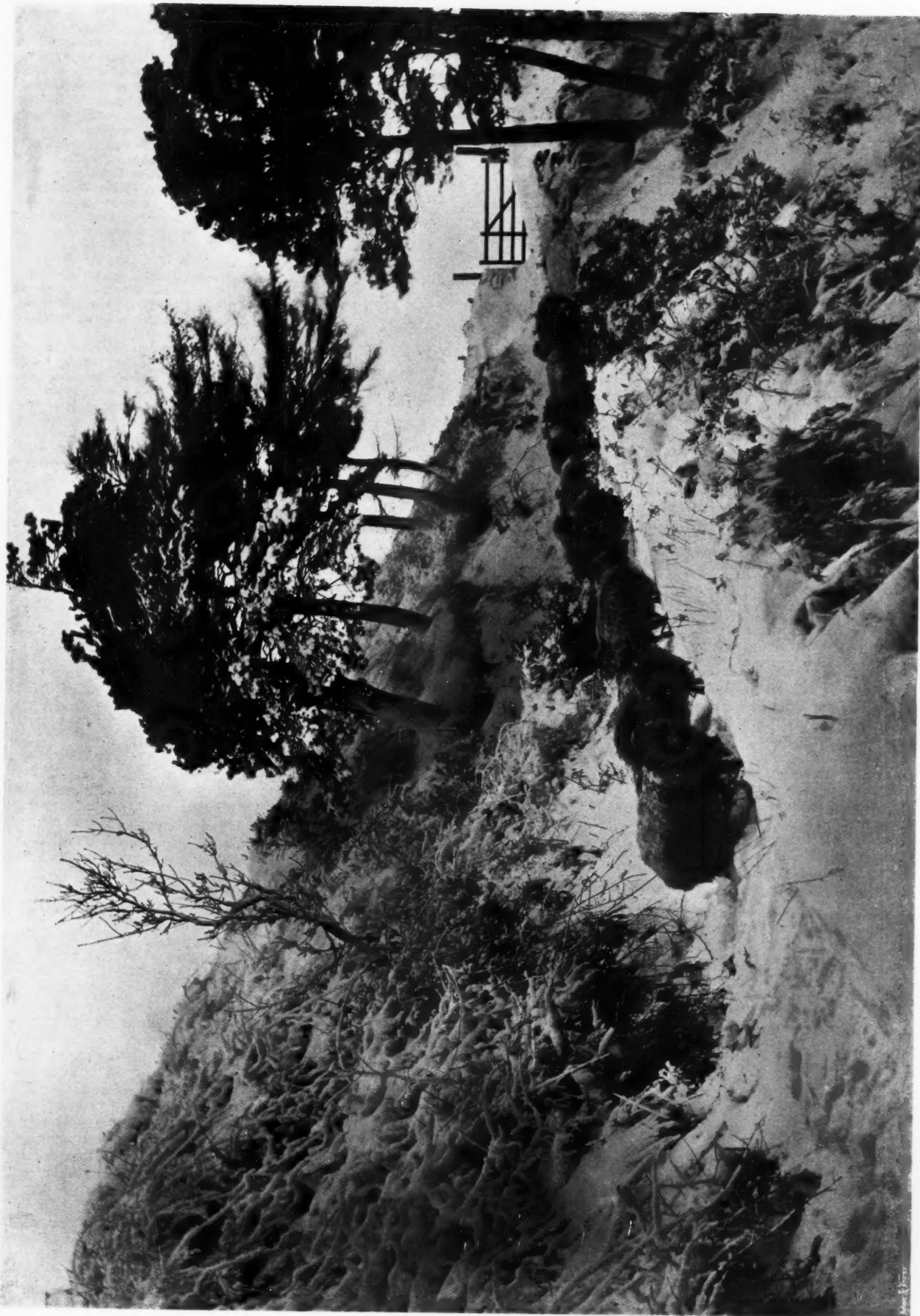


W. A. Rouch.

A HEAVY BASKET.

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UNDER THE LEE.

G. B. Cowen.

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got for yourself a fish that is by no means bad eating. No doubt we do not take nearly enough account of the fresh-water fish for the table. The old monks, who knew what was good, and intended, if they could not have flesh on Friday, to get the best possible substitute, were a deal wiser. They did not treat the pike as a piece of water vermin to be cast aside as soon as he was knocked on the head. They even encouraged him, cutting ditches for his nurseries, and cooking him with subtle sauces when they wanted him on table. And why should he not be good eating? He feeds on fish and is particular to have it fresh, for he will not touch it unless it is alive, or unless the angler's skill can make him believe it to be living. Izaak Walton Dame Juliana Berners, and the rest of the ancient authorities were full of respect for him, and shall we venture to be more critical? As a common rule in pike fishing the bag is given to the assistant, but if the principal had knowledge of all the qualities of the pike it is more than possible that he would be less generous.

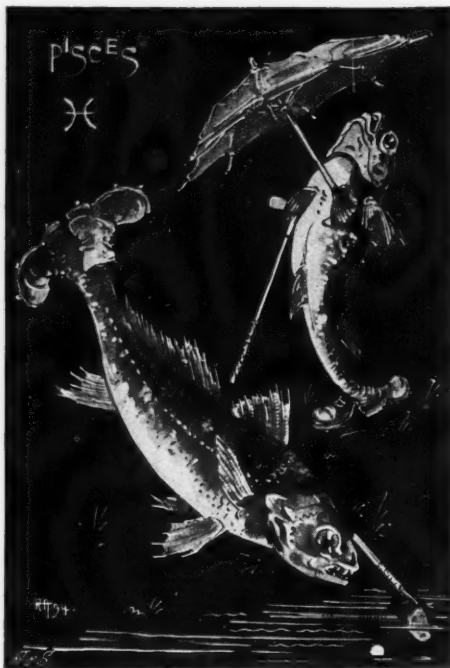
## ON THE GREEN.

THEY seem to have been doing terrible things at St. Andrews. In the first place they have had a good try at burning down the Royal and Ancient Clubhouse—is it because of their exceeding wickedness that golf clubhouses seem to be marked out for special destruction by fire?—and in the second place a team of ten members of the Royal and Ancient Club has been defeated by a team of ten of the University students. The latter result is not wholly a surprise. The men of the Royal and Ancient were good

golfers, but it is possible for that noble institution to put a stronger team of ten in the field. The University, I think, was well represented. There were Mr. J. G. Simpson and Mr. McKenzie, besides others. In connection with this win it may be remembered that the St. Andrews University team itself was beaten, lately, by a team of Aberdeen University, on the neutral and half-way links of Montrose. So these victors of the team that beat the Royal and Ancient are shown to be good players, and another thing that appears is that there is a mighty deal of fine golfing talent in Scotland, and that the selectors of the team to represent Scotland at Hoylake will not be embarrassed by the lack of sufficient material to choose from. One may foresee possible embarrassments for them, none the less. I would rather be an English selector than a Scottish, though no man in his proper senses would wish to be either. Mr. John Graham, as I understand, elects to be a golfing Scotsman, though Scotland did not, perhaps, teach him much of the golf that he knows, and he knows some. It is rather an anomaly that a man who enters for the amateur championship as representative of the Royal Liverpool Club should represent Scotland against England. But perhaps the Scottish selectors will not choose him. It is not our business to give them hints, though we may know what we should do in their case.

The professional match season seems to have been opened by A. H. Scott (of Elie) and Foulis, at one time an American champion, playing at Dysart. Being so near they might as well have played at St. Andrews; but perhaps there were reasons. The match seems to have been close all through and ended all square. But it was played on frozen ground, which spoils golf more than any other condition of weather, in the humble judgment of the writer. The match, however, even as it was played, gives "a line" to Foulis's play, and if Foulis can halve a match, even on frozen ground, with him, he can be no bad player. Perhaps his American championship proves that much.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.



for we know Scott of Elie, and if Foulis can halve a match, even on frozen ground, with him, he can be no bad player. Perhaps his American championship proves that much.

## WINCHESTER COLLEGE IN 1902.—II.

BY AN OLD WYKEHAMIST.

IN the preceding article the visitor to Winchester College has sauntered in the spirit with his guide as far as Seventh chamber, the original schoolroom, and he has warmed himself in the spirit at a fire of faggots which are probably as ancient in point of form as the open hearth, well over 500 years old, in which they burn. Let me take him out again into Seventh chamber passage, which is the conduit pipe, so to speak, between college and the rest of the Wykehamical world; and for convenience we will make him turn to the right as he passes out, when in due course, immediately facing him, he will find "school," which is comparatively modern, having been built as recently as the days of Christopher Wren. Standing alone this Renaissance building, with its fine and bold façade, would look passing well, but candour compels the acknowledgment that face

to face with the old-world walls of Seventh chamber, surmounted by Hall, it has a somewhat incongruous appearance. Its inside, on the walls of which is the famous inscription, *Aut discere aut discedere manet sors tertia caedi*, is well adapted to its present purpose, which is that of serving for assemblies of the whole school for concerts, speech days, and the like. Formerly it was used for purposes of instruction, separate classes being held in each of the four corners (there are tiers of oaken benches and masters' seats at each end) and down the middle and sides were open supports for "scobs," divided into squares, so that four "scobs" went to each square. When it is remembered that a "scob" is a double-lidded box of which the outer lid can be lifted so as to serve as a screen, it may be imagined that in a "scob-place" a certain amount of privacy was secured. Moreover, a prefect, known as "bible-clerk," had considerable influence in keeping order and quietness.

The duties of the bible-clerk were taken in turn by the ten full-power prefects in college for a week at a time, and the holder of the post was excused during that week from all class work. His duties consisted in keeping order in "school," with the help of a ground ash, in taking round to various masters "continent" and "chapel rolls," that is to say, the sick list, and the names of those who had shirked chapel, and in accommodating those who for various reasons were doomed to meet the head-master, but not face to face. The exact practice, which is recorded by an expert in the true sense of the word from both points of view, was in this wise. A master—quite wrongly, of course—would come to the conclusion that one of his pupils would be the better for a flogging, and he would command him to "order his name." The prospective martyr would go to the bible-clerk, and would make his request in absolute confidence that it would be granted. Bible-clerk would then write on what was called a "vessel," otherwise a narrow strip of blue paper, the fatal words *inssu domini Smith detuli*, and take it to the



W. T. Green.

SCHOOL.

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head-master, who usually operated after twelve, the bible-clerk holding the shirt-tail out of the way of the birch. That was in the modern and degenerate days of the birch rod. In old days the "bibling-rod" was applied to a temporary and artificial interregnum between the trousers and the waistcoat on the small of the back. The original process was certainly more decent, and may have been equally painful, but on that point I cannot speak from experience; neither have I the slightest desire to submit to an experiment. Meanwhile the memories of "school" have carried me some distance away from the immediate purpose. Suffice it to say that in the seventies it was in the transition stage; that is to say, there were classrooms for all the more important divisions, but some lower "books" and French classes were relegated to "school," and college men did their preparation during the day there. It was of course very noisy, but perhaps on the whole that was a good thing, albeit a blessing in disguise. Certainly the late Lord Selborne used to say that he owed his power of concentrating his mind on his work in any surroundings to his experience as a boy at Winchester. In only one place in the world that I



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FRAGMENT OF ANCIENT ALTAR CLOTH.

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of the rest a good deal is disappointing. The statues in the reredos, for example, are not the original ones, but quite modern.

Here the fault does not lie with this generation or with the last, and it must be confessed that the empty niches were an eyesore. The transverse seats in the aisle, however, are mean and new, and no Wykehamist who remembers the old oak seats which ran lengthwise in true collegiate principle can fail to regret them. It is true that in old times, when Chantry was not a chapel, a considerable section of the school went through the form of worship in ante-chapel, which is away to the right of the picture and out of sight, and heard nothing to speak of. And if the new seating had permitted the whole school to be present in the body of chapel there would have been something to be said for it. As matters stand, however, the school has to be divided for purposes of worship; no substantial increase in accommodation has



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SCHOOL, HALL, CLASSROOM.

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been gained by reseating; the original oak has been irretrievably lost; and the upper part of the stalls, being of new oak and

have seen is serious study followed in circumstances of such apparent difficulty as those which prevailed in "school" even in the seventies, and that in the library in the Four Courts in Dublin, where excellent work is done in the middle of pandemoniac noise. So much for "school." On the left hand as one passes out of Seventh chamber passage is a gateway into Cloisters, which commemorates Sir Herbert Stewart, one of Winchester's recent heroes, who met death in the Soudan. Pass through that and turn to the left and you will be in the entrance of Chapel; or turn to the right and you will be in the wonderful old cloisters with their wheel roof, in the centre of which is Chantry, now a chapel for the use of the younger members of the school. But we will go into Chapel itself first, noting on the way the Crimean memorial porch with its beautiful inscription, of which one passage always lingers in the memory: "Think of them, thou that passest by, child of the same family, bought by the same Lord." Chapel itself is in outline a perfectly noble building, and the Jesse window, the reredos, the side windows, and the seats of the stalls are as fine as ever they were. But

been gained by reseating; the original oak has been irretrievably lost; and the upper part of the stalls, being of new oak and



W. T. Green.

CLOISTERS AND GRAVEYARD.

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W. T. Green. ENTRANCE TO CHANTRY. Copyright

superimposed upon really fine *miserere* seats, looks like a new patch on an old garment. A fragment of the old altar cloth is preserved in the Porter's lodge. It tells its own tale.

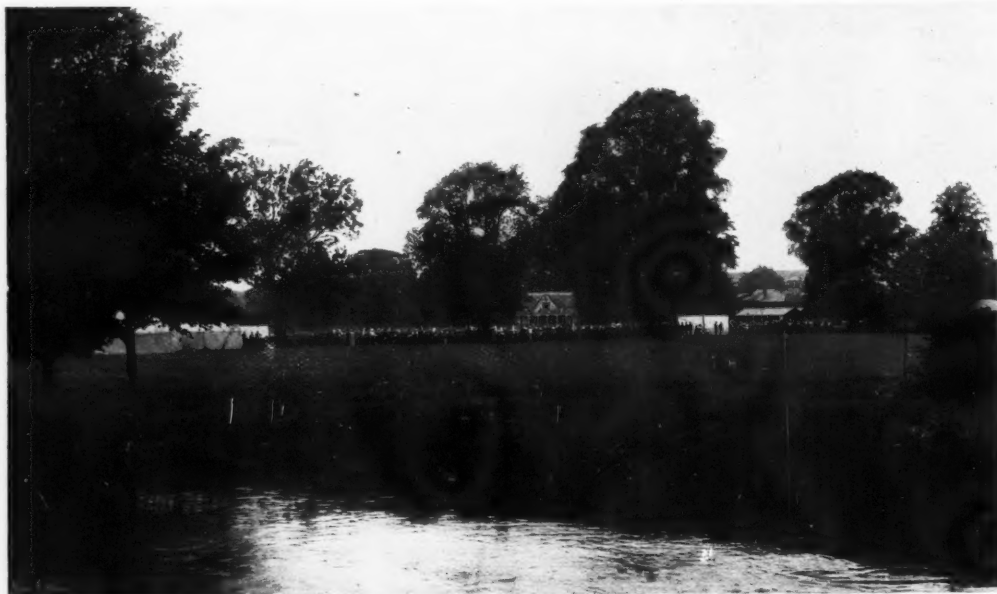
Chantry, in which the junior boys of the school attend service, is an exceedingly beautiful building, with a history of its own. To get to it, one passes through the venerable cloisters with their tiny graveyard in one corner, and then out of the gloom of Cloisters straight up to the creeper-clad door of Chantry itself. It was built by John Fromond, a Hampshire county gentleman, who was steward of the college for its Hampshire and Wiltshire estates, with a view that it might become, after his death (which happened in 1426), a chantry in which a priest should sing and pray for Fromond's soul for all time, at £6 13s. 4d. per annum. From 1629 to 1875, however, it served as a Fellows' library, or, to be more precise, as a receptacle for the books of the Fellows' library. Now there are no Fellows, and in 1875 it became a junior chapel, to which Dr. Freshfield contributed in 1897 a handsome reredos. The roof is an exquisite specimen of ancient moulding, restored at the expense of the late head-master in 1898, and that in sound taste. The west window, presented by Chief Justice Erle, more than fifty years ago, is distinctly garish; but as it contains the arms of Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort, and various members of the Royal Family, it possesses an historical interest which may save it from destruction.

For the few words which remain to be said, the pictures supply their own text. One which is entitled "School, Hall, Classrooms," is useful mainly because one sees so much in it. Beginning at the right facing the picture, one sees Cloisters, whose beauty is within, with Chantry rising above them. Then comes School, the back of which is an open racquet court, with two bat fives courts on either side. Behind it rises Chapel Tower, and beyond it on the left the eye catches a peep of Hall, and then the red brick of Classrooms, erected on the site of "Old

Commoners," where Commoners used to live before the days of tutors' houses. The dark archway leads through to another courtyard with a lawn, at the end of which is the head-master's house. Above the archway is the handsome Moberly Library, erected in honour of Dr. Moberly, who preceded the Bishop of Southwell as head-master. The broad path leading across the grass of the face of the picture is the way to and from commoners' and the other tutors' houses. To the left, if one could see them, would be fives courts, and behind the spectator, and to his left, would be racquet court, the new museum, built to celebrate the quingentenary, and "sick house," a beautiful old building. The original playground of the School is known as "Meads," and stretches away to the right of the picture. The features of "Meads" are the fine plane trees, commonly known as sycamores, the ancient walls, in which are hewn out niches for illumination by candle, known as "Meads Temples," some of them neat, and some very rude in outline. Away out of sight, in the right-hand corner of the picture, is the gate, known as "Non licet" gate, through which, according to tradition, the expelled boy was extruded into the outer world. Such an one was said to be "furked"—from *furca*, a fork. In the same corner was a mill, called Hollis's; and, oddly enough, flint pebbles were called Hollis's, too, because if any boy came into college who could not throw decently, it was customary to condemn him to "splice" (*i.e.*, throw) pebbles over Hollis's until he attained some proficiency in a necessary art. And it gives me satisfaction to this day to remember that, while a very prominent publicist of our time was striving sulkily to attain the requisite skill in "splicing" Hollis's over mill, I was myself able, for mere amusement, to keep my foot against the wall of Hall and throw a stone on to the top from that position.

The real playground of the school, known as New Field, and the gift of the Bishop of Southwell, is conveniently indicated in another picture, the occasion being that of the annual match between Eton and Winchester, which is lost by the latter quite as often from want of nerve as from want of skill. The reason, of course, is that to Winchester the match with Eton is the one really important match of the year, whereas Eton think much more of the match at Lord's against Harrow. The picture requires a word of explanation. Taking it from the bottom one sees first the waters of a branch of the Itchen in which great trout lie. The turf immediately in front is not that of New Field proper, but of a patch known as "Lavender Meads," or, in other words, the Washerwoman's Meadow of old times. The spectators have their backs to us and are looking at the progress of the game in New Field proper, which is beyond. The pavilion which catches the eye over the heads of the spectators was erected in memory of the late Herbert Webbe, than whom there was never keener Wykehamist, more ardent cricketer or earnest man, who died universally beloved in early manhood.

The last picture gives the most pleasant view of College which can be obtained, and this is the view from the Warden's Garden. The impression which it produces is that the lines of the Warden of Winchester College are cast in pleasant places, for the whole scene is eminently restful and comfortable. Whether there are to be more wardens in the future after the present occupant of this very easy position shall have gone to sleep with his fathers is matter of controversy, but certain it is that no industrious and fruitful scholar could be provided with a more ideal-abiding place. Here again, perhaps, the picture



W. T. Green.

NEW FIELD AND ETON MATCH.

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wants a word of explanation, having regard to what has been said before. The Warden's House, of course, is at the right of the picture and Chapel at the left. The buildings between them are the chambers on the east side of Chamber Court described in the preceding article, and they have no outlet in the form of a door into the Warden's Garden. Indeed, in front of them and from right to left of the picture runs a little branch of the Itchen, here shrouded in evergreens. And the massing of shrubs and trees on this side of the garden is probably due to a desire to ensure it from the gaze of curious eyes. That garden was, and no doubt is, a



W. T. Green. WARDEN'S GARDEN, COLLEGE, & WARDEN'S HOUSE. Copyright

paradise of birds, which used to sing there in the summer mornings in that ecstasy which sounds so much more delightful in poetry than it is at 4 a.m. What is more, they used to nest there, too, and it would be a keen pleasure to me even now to see whether in the early summer of 1902 there will be a fly-catchers' nest in the ivy of the wall beside the bridge which crosses the stream out of sight on the

left-hand side of the picture. No doubt some younger "man" will, and neither the Warden nor his gardener will be any wiser in the matter than they were in either 1873 or 1874.

## ELLEN EY.—I.

IN THREE PARTS.

By M. E. FRANCIS.

MRS. McNALLY'S house was situated at the extreme end of the village, and looked not upon the street, but right out into the glen, so that when Elleney opened her attic window in the morning her blue eyes feasted on a wilderness of trees, exquisite at this season with an infinite variety of tints; for the tender bloom of an Irish spring is only surpassed in beauty by the glories of an Irish autumn. The undulating masses that would in October glow with a myriad of fires were now clad in the colours of the opal, delicate pinks and blues and greys of yet unopened buds forming a background to the pure vigorous green of larch or chestnut in full leaf, while here and there a group of wild cherry trees—trees which in a few months would be clothed in the hues of the sunset—caught the morning light now on raiment as snowy as the summit of the Jungfrau.

Elleney gazed, and rubbed big eyes yet heavy with slumber, and gazed again; then she heaved a deep sigh, half of rapture, half of regret.

"It's beautiful, entirely," she said. "An' that big black hill at the back o' the trees is the grandest ever I seen. But I'd sooner be lookin' out at the little green hills at our own place, with me poor father—the Lord ha' mercy on his soul!—walkin' about on them."

She passed her hand across her eyes now for another reason, and then sighed again, but presently took herself to task.

"Sure, I've no call at all to be frettin'; I have a right to know better, so I have. Me poor dada is gone where he's out of his troubles, please God; an' amn't I too well off myself here in this grand place, with me a'nt an' everywan so kind to me? Ye ought to be ashamed o' yourself, Elle-ey, to go cryin' an' frettin' when it's down on your knees ye should be, thankin' God. Hurry up now, an' on with your clothes an' get the breakfast! Sunday mornin' an' all, an' the girls down an' workin' about, I'll engage."

These remonstrances, which were made aloud with exceptional severity of aspect, but in the sweetest, softest little voice in the world, appeared to have the desired effect. The eyes were dried, the sobs checked, and soon Elleney emerged from her garret, and came clattering down the corkscrew stairs in her unyielding little best boots, clad all in her Sunday finery, every sunshiny hair in its place, and her blooming face a vision of wonder and delight to any chance beholder.

One such beholder encountered her in the narrow passage downstairs, and respectfully flattened himself against the wall to let her pass.

"It's a fine mornin', Miss Elleney," said the young man.

Elleney started, stared, and then broke into a laugh.

"It's you, is it, Pat Rooney? I didn't know ye, ye're so

grand this mornin'. You do be generally all over flour—I never see you without lookin' out for flour."

"An' I never see you, Miss Elleney," responded Pat Rooney gallantly, "without bein' put in mind of another kind o' flower. Sure, you look the very same as a rose to-day."

"Not at all," laughed Elleney, blushing, but quite frank and unconcerned; "I wouldn't ask to be thought aigual to anything so grand as that. A daisy maybe, or—"

"Elleney!" called a shrill voice from some distant region. "Elleney! We are all famished entirely. Girl alive, do ye forget it's your week for the breakfast? I never heard the like! We've been waitin' this half-hour."

"Laws," ejaculated Elleney under her breath, and with a conscience-stricken face. "I didn't forget; but sure I didn't know what o'clock it was, an' there's the eggs to boil an' all. Me cousin Juliana 'ull be murderin' me. I'm just bringin' it, Ju," she called back apprehensively. "And goodness only knows if the kettle 'ull be boilin', itself," she added in a distracted undertone, "an' I'm afther forgettin' my big aperon upstairs, an' if I go an' black my best dress me a'nt 'ull be the death o' me."

"Aisy now, don't be tormentin' yourself that way," cried Pat soothingly. "Sure I'll just go along wid ye into the kitchen, an' if I don't have that kettle bilin' in next to no time my name's not Pat Rooney. It's me that's used to fires—ye'll see how I'll blow up yours for ye, miss. There now, wasn't it by the greatest good luck I looked in this mornin' to pick up my pipe that I left down below in the bakehouse? Cheer up, Miss Elleney—we'll not be keepin' them long waitin' for their breakfasts now."

Even while speaking the young baker had preceded the girl into the kitchen, possessed himself of the bellows, and blown up the fire; he now deftly dropped an entire basketful of eggs into a large saucepan, and, with a large loaf in one hand and a knife in the other, began with almost incredible speed to cut off thick rounds.

"I suppose ye have the cloth laid?" he enquired presently.

"Me cousin Henerietta does that; I only has the breakfast itself to get, an' there's not much trouble in that, on'y I'm such a slowcoach, an' someway—I don't know how it was—my wits went wool-gatherin' this mornin'."

"Well, I'll tell ye what, miss; if ye'll wet the tay an' pop the pot down on the hob, the eggs 'ull be done, an' by the time ye have them brought in the bread 'ull be toasted illigant. Herself won't know ye, the way ye'll have got up the breakfast so quick."

"I'm very thankful to ye, Pat," said Elleney gratefully. "I'm sure I don't know what in the world I'd have done without ye. But it's too bad to be givin' ye ail that trouble."

"Not at all, miss; no trouble at all. Sure I wouldn't have it on me conscience for you to be roasin' that lovely face off o' yourself at this terrible hot fire. The egg-cups is there on the shelf behind ye—I can see them from here. There now, sure ye have it all grand—wait till I open the door for ye. Now I'll have the loveliest lot o' toast ready for ye when ye come back. That thray's too heavy for ye entirely—it's a poor case altogether that I haven't got another pair o' hands."

Elleney's gay little laugh trilled out again, and she shot a glance of confiding gratitude from under her thick dark lashes in the direction of the young baker which set the honest fellow's heart dancing, though he well knew how little such innocent warmth meant.

"God bless her," he murmured as he returned to his toasting fork; "if a dog done anything for her she'd look at it the same. If she wasn't the mistress's niece itself, ye might whistle for her, Pat, me boy."

Meanwhile Elleney had gone staggering along the passage with her heavy tray, and now bumped it against the parlour door as an intimation that she would like someone to open it.

This unspoken request was acceded to so suddenly that she almost fell forward into the room.

"I was waitin' on the eggs," she explained hurriedly, as she recovered her balance and tottered forward with her burden; "but here they are for yous now, and the tea is wet this good bit, an' the toast is very near ready."

The room was full of women; no less than eight of them sat expectantly round the empty board. Besides Mrs. McNally herself and her four daughters, three nieces had been added to her family on the death of their mother, Mrs. McNally's only sister.

"Sure they're all the same as me own," the good woman was wont to say, looking round affectionately at the girls. "There's times when I have to be thinkin' which is which—upon me honour, there is." And thereupon she would roll her broad shoulders, and wink with both eyes together after her own good-natured fashion; and no one who lived in the house with her could doubt that she spoke the truth.

Elleney had only recently been added to the group; she, too, spoke of the head of the house as "me a'nt." But she was in truth no relation to the kindly soul who had taken compassion on her destitute condition, being a niece of the late Mr. McNally's first wife. Perhaps no other woman in the world would thus have admitted her to a circle already somewhat inconveniently large; but, as Mrs. McNally said, "One more or less didn't make much differ, an' sure the Lord 'ud be apt to make it up to her, an' Elleney was a useful little girl, a great hand at her needle, an' with a wonderful turn for business, God bless her."

Mrs. McNally invariably alluded to the odd little house where her many avocations were carried on as her "establishment," and spoke habitually of "the business." It would have been hard to define the precise nature of this business. There was a bakery attached to it, over which Pat Rooney presided, driving round the country each afternoon with the results of his labours. Juliana and Henrietta McNally sold groceries at one counter, and Matilda and Maria sold calico and flannel and boots at another. Hams and stockings hung in parallel lines from the ceiling, and there was a mysterious little railed-off chamber at the back of the house, reached by a swing door, on which the word "Bar" was set forth in gold letters, with a printed legend underneath announcing that Diana McNally was licensed to sell wines and spirits to be consumed on the premises. Here Bridget and Mary Nolan held sway. They were "stale girls" in the opinion of the neighbours, and therefore, as their aunt felt, the most suited for this post. Maggie, their youngest sister, migrated between shop and bar, and spent much of her time in rolling up "ha'porths o' twist" in scraps of newspaper. Elleney, who was "tasty," and possessed of a wonderful light hand, turned her talent for millinery to account, and soon Mrs. McNally was able to add trimmed hats and ready-made dresses to the other departments of her flourishing concern. Predisposed as she was by nature to like any helpless young creature, she had rapidly grown to appreciate the girl's talents, and was now genuinely fond of her, though it must be owned that her daughters occasionally grumbled, and that the real nieces were undisguisedly jealous.

Bridget looked up now, with a sniff, as Elleney began with great haste to hand the eggs about the table.

"You've been long enough over it, anyhow," she remarked. "Mary and me was wonderin' whether 'twas milkin' the cow ye were or bakin' the bread."

"An' she hasn't brought the toast yet," grumbled Mary, drawing up her chair.

"It's very near done," returned Elleney, eagerly. "Pat Rooney said he'd have it ready by the time I come back."

"Pat Rooney!" exclaimed the eight voices, in varying tones of amazement and disapproval, even Mrs. McNally's sounding forth a deep note of wondering concern.

"Pat Rooney, child! What brings him into the house at

this time o' mornin'? What brings him here at all to-day indeed?"

"He come to fetch his pipe," explained Elleney, scarlet with confusion; "and when he seen me so run, an' so put about because I was a bit behind, he offered to stay an' help me. It's him that's makin' the toast."

Juliana McNally, a frosty-faced person, no longer in her first youth, looked round with a scandalised face.

"Did ye ever hear the like o' that!" she exclaimed. "Pat Rooney! The impudent fellow! If I was you, m'mah, I'd walk him out o' the kitchen this very minute. Ye had no call to let him in at all, Elleney. Not one of us 'ud ever dream o' such a thing, would we, Henny?"

"Indeed we would not," returned Henny, or Henerietta, as she was indifferently called in the family. "Cockin' him up that way. He had a right to know better, an' not go forgettin' himself and his place altogether."

"Aye, indeed," chimed in Bridget. "Set him up! Him and his ould cart."

"Then if it was nothin' but the cart that ailed him, Bridget," returned Juliana, severely, "there wouldn't be much to complain of. I'll throuble ye not to be turnin' up your nose at the beautiful new cart me mother sent for all the way to Dublin. Ye paid pounds and pounds for that same cart, didn't ye, m'mah?"

"To be sure I did," responded Mrs. McNally, promptly. "There, now, don't be upsettin' yourselves, girls. Elleney didn't know any better, she's that innocent, poor little girl. She won't do it again, I'll engage—will ye, Elleney? Ye see, me dear," she added in a confidential undertone, "we do have to be very particular in an establishment like this. 'Twouldn't do for me at all to go lettin' a boy like Pat Rooney forget himself. He's a very decent boy, poor fellow, an' his mother—the Lord ha' mercy on her!—was a most respectable poor woman. But he must be kept in his place, me child, an' ye see—"

"A-ah, m'mah, in the name of goodness sit down and pour out the tea," interrupted Anna Maria, impatiently. "I'm dyin' for me cup. An' sure ye haven't brought us anythin' at all to eat yet, Elleney. Off with you now, an' bring that same toast, whoever made it. The poor child's frightened out of her wits. Sure what harm if ye did ask Pat Rooney to help ye, itself—ye can soon get shut of him again. Ju, for mercy's sake take that crabby ould face off o' ye. 'Pon me word 'tis enough to curdle the milk."

Anna Maria's own face was of the round good-humoured order. She took after "the mother," the neighbours said, and had certainly inherited a large share of kindness and jollity.

"Faith! Nanny's right," cried Mrs. McNally, relaxing. "Go, fetch the toast, Elleney, and give Mr. Pat Rooney his marchin' orders at the same time."

"What am I to say?" enquired Elleney, her eyes round with alarm above cheeks that were still crimson.

"Bid him get out of that," returned her aunt, laughing.

Elleney took up her tray, and went away with a lagging step. The kitchen door was wide open, and in the aperture stood Pat, flushed with his exertions, and holding triumphantly aloft an immense dish of beautifully browned toast.

"There, now," he cried, jubilantly, "I'll throuble them to put their teeth through the whole o' that in a hurry. Isn't that a fine lot? But I know they does be great aitters within there."

"I'm very thankful to ye, Pat," said Elleney, with a downcast face.

"Sure I'm not meanin' to show disrespect," resumed he, quick to note her expression, but mistaking its cause. "It's a powerful big family your a'nt has, first and last, and why wouldn't they ait? I'll tell ye what, Miss Elleney, I'll just stop here in the chimbley corner, an' if they does be wantin' any more toast I'll have it made for them afore you can turn round."

"Oh, no, Pat," cried Elleney in alarm. "That wouldn't do at all. Me a'nt bid me tell ye—me a'nt said—"

"Well, what did she say, miss, dear?" enquired Pat, as she faltered.

"She wasn't best pleased," stammered the girl. "She thought I done wrong lettin' you help me; she bid me give ye marchin' orders"—catching at what seemed to her the least offensive manner of conveying her aunt's behest.

"Well, I can soon march," said Pat, in a slightly offended tone, and turning even a deeper red than before. "I'll be off out o' this in a minute."

"Sure ye're not angry with me, Pat?" said Elleney, timidly, as she followed him to the door. "I'm very grateful for all ye done for me."

"To be sure you are," said Rooney, without turning his head, and in another moment the house-door slammed behind him.

Elleney returned somewhat mournfully to the parlour, there to find the whole family in a state of violent excitement.

Mrs. McNally had just received a letter, which she was clutching fast with both fat hands, while the seven girls were



simultaneously endeavouring to read its contents over her broad shoulders.

"If yez 'ull sit down like good children," she exclaimed, as Elleney entered, "I'll read it all out—every word. An' yez 'ull all know as soon as meself. But ye have me distracted entirely, tormentin' me the way ye're doin' now. Musha! did anybody ever see such a scrawl as the man writes!"

"Sure, I can see it plain enough from here," cried Juliana, and with a sudden deft movement she twitched the document out of her mother's hands. "I'll read it, m'mah, in half the time you do be thinkin' about it."

"Very well, me dear, very well," agreed Mrs. McNally, resignedly. "Ye have the best right, afther all. It concerns you more nor me."

Juliana smoothed out the paper, and began to read in a high-pitched monotonous voice, and without any regard to punctuation, of which, indeed, in all probability, the letter was devoid.

"Dear Mrs. McNally,—I write these few lines hoping you are quite well as I am at present thank God it's a long time since we come across each other but I haven't forgot the old times and I am sure yourself is the same I did be hearin' a while ago about the fine family of daughters you have God bless them and how well you prospered in business dear Mrs. McNally I have one son a fine young man that I do be anxious to settle in life—"

"Look at that, now!" put in Mrs. McNally, jocularly. "Didn't I say the letter was more for you than nor for me, girls?"

"Whisht! can't you whisht?" put in Henrietta, eagerly. "Go on, Ju!"

"Settle in life," resumed Ju. "The farm is doin' finely for me thanks be to God though I'm not able to stock it as well as I'd like these bad times. He's lookin' out for a bit o' money, ye see, m'mah."

"To be sure he is," responded her mother, comfortably. "Trust Tim Brennan to be lookin' out for that. An' why wouldn't he, the poor ould fellow? Dear knows, it's hard set the most o' the farmers is to live at all. He's a cute ould schemer, Tim is, though."

"There's not one o' the girls in these parts I'd let him take up with at all," went on the reader, "but it come to me mind that if you was willin' we might make up a match between himself an' one o' your fine young daughters—"

"Yous 'ull have all the luck, I suppose?" put in Maggie Nolan, enviously.

"Not at all. What's that he says here about nieces, Ju?" returned Mrs. McNally, leaning over her daughter's shoulder, and pointing with her plump forefinger.

"Or maybe one of them three nieces I was hearin' ye have livin' with ye I knew your poor sister Bridget R.I.P. as well as I know yourself an' I know all she done for her family."

"The sharpness o' that!" interrupted Henrietta. "The ould fellow knows me A'nt Bridget had a nice little fortun', an' I'll engage he made sure the three of yous has a share in the business."

"Young nieces," soliloquised Matilda, looking pensively at Bridget and Mary.

"Young daughters, too, if ye please," returned Bridget with spirit, and her glance fell upon Juliana.

"Well, go on, Ju, finish it," said Mrs. McNally, laughing immoderately. "You can all be pulling caps for him afterwards."

"Me son," read Juliana, "has business in Dublin this next week an' if you've no objections he could run out on an early train some mornin' an' pay his respects to yourself an' the girls an' he can be tellin' ye all about our place an' his prospects in life he's the only son I have an' it's a good farm an' a comfortable house an' many a girl would think she was doin' well for herself so hopin' you'll think well of the idea I will say no more this time yours ancetter, TIMOTHY BRENNAN. P.S.—My son Brian is six foot high an' has a beautiful head of hair he is very— What in the name o' fortun' is that word, m'mah?"

"Hearty, is it?" said Mrs. McNally, craning her short neck. "No—happy, maybe—no, that's not it. *Healthy*, that's it! He is very healthy."

"Laws!" said Henrietta, "that's a quare thing to be sayin'. Who cares whether he's healthy or not?"

"A'ah, me dear," returned her mother, sagely, "when ye get to my age ye'll know it makes a great deal o' differ—especially to a farmer. The poor d'da!—rest his soul!—Well, well, we won't be talkin' o' them times, but he was a great sufferer; an' if it was a farmer he was the house wouldn't have held him. It's a terrible thing for a poor farmer to be tryin' to go about his place, an' him not gettin' his health. I'm glad this young fellow is healthy."

"Six foot!" commented Matilda, who was inclined to be sentimental.

"A beautiful head of hair," exclaimed Anna Maria, with a ggle. "Troth, if it's me he takes a fancy to I'll be combin' it fer him."

"Well," said Juliana, indignantly, "I think ye're takin' too much on yourself, Nanny, to go pickin' him up that way. There's others has a better right to be considered first."

"You're the oldest, of course," said Anna Maria, meekly.

"There's others older nor her, though," burst out Bridget. "The oldest daughter has the first claim," cried Juliana, with heightened colour.

"To be sure, to be sure," said Mrs. McNally, nervously. She was very much in awe of her first-born, who was indeed possessed of a considerable amount of determination. "The young man, of course, 'ull make his own choice, but I must say I think it 'ud be only becoming if it was Ju."

Juliana glanced triumphantly round on the row of crest-fallen faces, and a sudden silence fell, during which Elleney, who had stood listening with deep interest, suddenly remembered the now sodden toast, and handed it dutifully round.

Maggie Nolan's eyes met hers in wrathful protest as she helped herself.

"Did ye ever see sich a girl as Ju?" she whispered. "A regular grab-all. Of course if me a'nt goes favourin' her, the poor fellow 'ull have to take her. But I pity him, aye do I."

"Sure maybe he won't," whispered Elleney back, consolingly. "He'll be apt to be pickin' wan o' the young ones—I shouldn't wonder if it was yourself, Maggie."

"If it wasn't for the money I dare say you'd have as good a chance as the rest of us," said Maggie, mollified by this tribute; "but of course the father wouldn't hear of any girl without a fortun'."

(To be continued.)

## Mr. S DARBEY'S CURLY-COATED RETRIEVERS.

THE fame of Mr. S. Darbey's kennel of curly coated retrievers, which, as all the shooting world knows, is situated at Tiverton, is so thoroughly established that the accompanying illustrations of some of its most famous occupants are likely to interest all frequenters of the leading dog shows. At the same time, there are many people besides ourselves who will regret that the old-time popularity of the curly-coated retriever should have gradually



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TIVERTON BONNY LASS.

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decreased of late years in inverse ratio to the ascendancy of the flat-coated variety, the latter being the result of a judicious crossing of Newfoundland and setter blood.

The curls, on the other hand, are undoubtedly the more ancient variety of the two; indeed, their origin is the subject of not infrequent discussion amongst dog-lovers, some of whom entertain the belief that these dogs are the offspring of the poodle, whilst others maintain that the Irish water spaniel is entitled to the credit of having established the race. Possibly there is a great deal that might be said in favour of both these theories, and undoubtedly this would be so if the Irish water spaniel is, as many believe him to be, a descendant of the poodle; but as matters are the precise origin of the curly-coated retriever no man can exactly tell. The curliness and crispness of his coat are undoubtedly similar to that of the other two varieties which have been mentioned, and both of them are adepts at retrieving, but there are very good reasons for assuming that some other breed shared in the production of the modern representatives of the curly retriever, though he has been carefully bred for many years.

A handsome and most companionable dog is the curly retriever, and his intelligence is great; but, unfortunately, there is no denying the fact that many shooting men entertain the

opinion that he is not so tender in the mouth as the flat-coated variety, and hence the increased popularity of the latter, whose supporters for the most part have not been slow to make the most of the alleged inferiority of the curlies. On the other hand, there are many sportsmen, amongst whom Mr. Darbey occupies a conspicuous position, who are well content to rely upon the services of the curlies, and hundreds of old gunners can be found to substantiate their opinions on the subject. Upon one point, moreover, there can be no possible grounds for disagreement, as the intelligence of the curlies is unsurpassed by that of any other breed; in addition to this they are robust of constitution, and if called upon to do the work they are invaluable as guards to houses, their sense of hearing being most acute.

The well-known champion Tiverton Beauty II., whose likeness appears with that of Miss Darbey, is no doubt one of the most famous representatives of the variety which she has adorned from the time when she came out and won first in the puppy class at Leicester in 1895. Since then her career has been surprisingly successful, for she has taken three championships at Birmingham, two at the Crystal Palace, one at Birkenhead, and one at Cruft's, in addition to the challenge bowl for the best sporting dog of any breed in the show; in fact, she has won for her owner over a hundred prizes, the vast majority of which have been firsts or specials. Tiverton Beauty III. is a litter sister to the above, as she is also a daughter of Young



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TIVERTON PUZZLE.

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Preston Wonder and Champion Tiverton Beauty, and she likewise has earned for herself the distinction of being entitled to the prefix champion by three wins in the champion class at Birmingham and one at Darlington, where she also was awarded the challenge bowl for the best retriever in the show. Her total of victories is very nearly equal to that of her illustrious sister Beauty II., to whom she has played second on many occasions, and certainly two better curly retriever bitches have never come out of the same litter; but Beauty III. is not a good sitter for her photograph, and consequently she failed to do her great merits complete justice.

The two animals which appear in the photograph together with Mr. Darbey are an own brother and sister, their sire being Bonny Boy and their dam Tiverton Beauty III., whilst they were whelped in 1898. The dog is named Tiverton Sirdar,



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TIVERTON REVEL.

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and he is a prize winner at Bournemouth, Birmingham, Yeovil, and other shows, being a very big dog and an extremely tender-mouthed one, whilst his colour—liver—in conjunction with his breeding, should make him most valuable for stud purposes, as an occasional dash of liver generally improves the brilliancy of a black coat, which without it is apt to become dingy. His sister, Tiverton Bonny Lass, is the winner of champion honours and the challenge cup at Manchester Show, in addition to which she has taken several firsts at the Crystal Palace, Birmingham, and elsewhere. Tiverton Revel and Tiverton Puzzle, whelped as recently as 1900, are of a litter by Champion Gomersal Tip Top from Tiverton Beauty II., and each of them has already taken high honours, amongst the first prizes won by the former being a victory at the Crystal Palace, whilst included in the score of the latter are a first and special at Plymouth and a second at Birmingham.

From the above it will be seen that the curly-coated retriever possesses a very staunch supporter in Mr. S. Darbey, and it is most earnestly to be hoped that the efforts he is making, and has made for so many years, in the interests of the breed will be the means of entirely restoring its prestige amongst the dog-loving community, whose members of which are bestowing their attentions upon far less deserving objects.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### QUICK EFFECTS WITH ANNUAL FLOWERS.

THE British gardener, whether he describes himself as professional or amateur, places little faith in annual flowers as a means of getting quick effects. For many years the writer has believed in this beautiful group of plants for adding to the gaiety of border and bed, and with small outlay of money. Suppose a man enters a new house

in spring, when it is impossible to obtain any results in landscape gardening the same year, but does not care for bare soil, then nothing can be better than a well-assorted list of annual flowers. These are the amateur gardener's friends—flowers which appear the same year as the seed is sown, and therefore capable of making wonderfully quick effects, so much so as to astonish even those who know something of the gentle art. A border of resplendent colouring is possible with their help, sowing the seed thinly and in masses of one variety—remember this—and confining the selection to a few of the most worthy in growth and colour. The writer will never forget a border of one annual flower



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MISS DARBEY AND CH. TIVERTON BEAUTY II.

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last year—a small border, it is true, but a glorious picture of colouring produced by the Tree Mallow (*Lavatera trimestris splendens*), a big pure rose flower, reminding of a small single Hollyhock bloom, and attached to upright but not unpleasantly stiff stems, the whole plant forming quite a bush when the seed is not sown in a way suggestive of Mustard and Cress. This poem in flowers cost about threepence. That the seed comes up quickly may be gathered from the following note from one who sowed some in July and reaped a harvest of blossom in quite the late autumn: "This hardy annual is very useful for cutting purposes now (October) if sown late and on fairly moist ground. I sowed some seed of it the second week of last July. It germinated in a few days, and the plants attained a height of about 3ft. For the past month we have been cutting it—not merely the individual flowers, but taking a foot or so of the tops when the buds are showing their colours well. These will expand in water and provide a succession of flowers for some days, the beautiful shade of pink being equally as charming by gaslight as by day. A piece of damp, rich ground should be chosen for this *Lavatera*, as the better the soil the deeper will be the colour of the flowers, besides making them last longer when cut." With regard to soil, we have found the Tree Mallow quite happy almost anywhere, but the hint given should not be forgotten.

#### SOME GOOD ANNUALS.

Here is a list of a few annual flowers for a beginner: Sweet Alyssum, white, 6in.; *Bartonia aurea*, golden yellow, 1½ft.; Marigolds, such as Meteor, Orange King, and the big African orange and pale lemon forms; white Candy-tuft, 1ft.; the blue Cornflower; annual Chrysanthemums, as coronarium; *Scabium grandiflorum*, a large-flowered form of the Corn Marigold; the Summer Marguerites, *C. carinatum* and varieties, of which the best is *Irbridgeanum*; *Coreopsis bicolor atro-sanguinea*, 2ft.; Indian and Japanese Pinks, 1ft.; the Extinguisher Flower (*Eschscholtzia*), yellow, 1ft.; *Eutoca vascida*, intense blue, 1ft.; *Godezia* Duchess of Albany, satiny white, 1ft.;



C. Reid. CH. TIVERTON BEAUTY III. Copyright—"C.L."

*Gypsophila elegans*, 1½ft., a very pretty "foamy" plant; *Helianthus* (Sunflower), of which Primrose, a soft primrose flower with black centre, height 1½ft., is one of the most beautiful; Larkspurs, branching annuals of blue, purple, and allied colourings; *Leptosiphon roseus*, 3in., rose; *Limnanthes Douglasi*, yellow, with broad white edge, 6in.; *Linaria reticulata aurea*, marone, with scarlet blotch, 1ft., a graceful annual; *Linum grandiflorum coccineum*, rose-crimson, a rich, almost glowing colour, 1ft.; annual Lupine, blue, 2½ft.; *Maihola bicornis* (Night-scented Stock), a sweetly-scented flower, especially in the morning and evening and after a shower; *Mignonette*; the *Nasturtium* (*Tropaeolum*), one of the most brilliant and wholesome-looking of all annual flowers; the beautiful blue dwarf *Nemophila*; *Nigella* (Love-in-a-mist or Devil-in-a-bush); *Phacelia campanularia*, an intense blue flower, as deep as a Gentian, 8in. high, and requiring a warm soil and sunny place; Poppies in variety; *Scabious*; the bright rose *Silene compacta*, 6in.; Sweet Sultan, 1½ft.; *Tagetes pumila*, golden yellow, 1ft.; and *Viscaria cardinalis*, 1½ft. The Sweet Pea should be grown in quantity, but as we shall have a special article about this flower, we defer our selection until then.

#### ANNUAL CLIMBERS.

Even in the case of climbers we are not dependent upon perennials. The Japanese Hop and its variegated variety will quickly cover a building, pergola, or anything it is attached to. Its rate of growth is remarkable, although we do not advise its use in the place of more permanent and beautiful things, such as Roses, Honeysuckle, and Wistaria. The name of this climber is *Lupulus japonicus*, and *variegatus* is added when the variegated form is thought of. Sow the seed where the seedlings are to remain in March, and in a few weeks the graceful clinging shoots will advance and soon smother everything within their reach. The colouring of the variegated variety is pretty at a distance, but when seen close to the splashing of white looks "mangy." Few variegated plants are pleasantly coloured. Only a pure self shade, a good golden yellow, or bold splashing of an

agreeable shade on a green ground, are permissible in the well-planted garden. Another useful annual climber is the Canary Creeper (*Tropaeolum canariense*), with its dense, fresh green leaves and masses of yellow flowers late in summer. The climbing *Nasturtiums* and *Convolvulus* are a host in themselves.

#### PARKS AND TREE PLANTING IN AMERICAN CITIES.

In *Municipal Affairs*, an American quarterly journal, Mr. Frederick Kelsey writes about a subject of more than passing importance. It is a well-thought-out contribution, and prompted by the wonderful growth of cities with their pressing need for open spaces and tree life. Writing of trees and streets, Mr. Kelsey says: "The great want in modern cities is trees. The treeless condition of the residential portions of many of our American cities, the bare aspect of the streets, is evidence of the truth of this observation. New Jersey is evidently fortunate in its laws. Under the Act of March 28th, 1893, New Jersey has the requisite legislation enabling any city, township, borough, or village to inaugurate a street tree-planting system as a part of the city's function. The city of Passaic was one of the first cities to adopt the law, and about 6,000 trees have already been planted there by the commission appointed under the Act. One of the most favourable features of the law is that under its operation any or all streets can be planted uniformly, with a consistent, continuous treatment, rather than the incongruous planting usually carried out—owing to the diversified tastes and ideas of different property owners—in the absence of a comprehensive plan of dealing with a street as a whole." These are wise words. There is no system in street planting in this country. Many streets are too narrow for trees at all, and the selection is frequently deplorable. Such trees as the Horse Chestnut and the Rowan are not suitable for streets, especially in large cities.

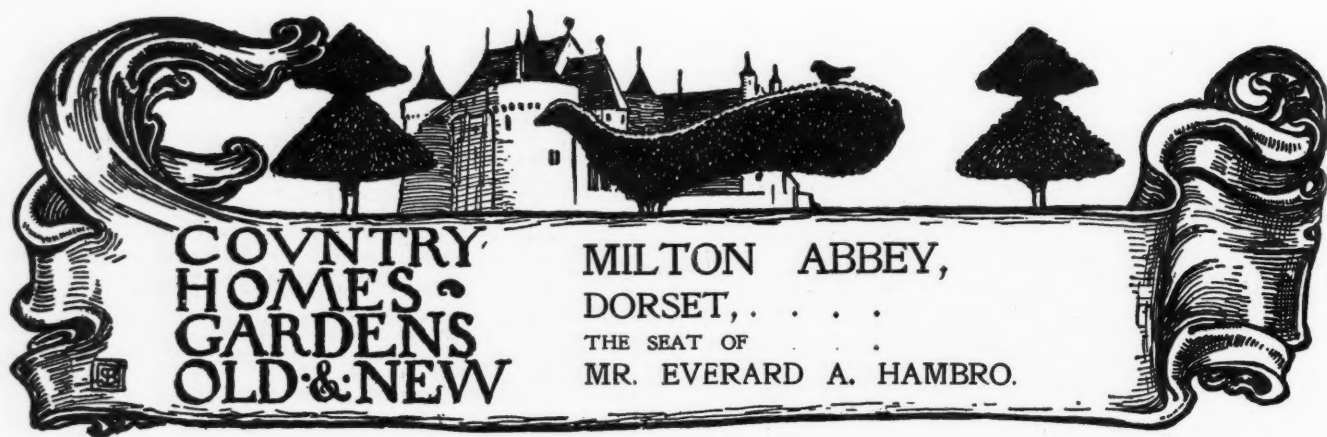
#### IMPROVEMENT OF HARDY FLOWERS.

An excellent paper was read recently before the Horticultural Club by Mr. Amos Perry, the well-known hardy plant grower of Winchmore Hill, upon the "Improvement of Hardy Flowers." It is certainly a question, as Mr. Perry pointed out, for the leisured class to solve, and surely no work is more fascinating than improving a group of flowers to select the finest forms for the perfecting of the race and by hybridising obtaining new departures or "breaks." "We want more reverend gentlemen," said the lecturer, "like the late Mr. Nelson, Mr. Ewbank, and Mr. Harpur-Crewe, who did valuable work in their time; the Rev. Wolley Dod, Sir Michael Foster, who has done so much for the Iris; Mr. James Salter, the father of the Pyrethrum, and many others. Some families have received a fair share of attention, and to the French florists we are principally indebted for the great improvement in the Phlox, which is still capable of further additions. Many of them are too tall, and the Americans have just started a new race only growing 1ft. in height, which for many purposes will be invaluable. The alpine Phloxes were taken in hand by the Rev. John Nelson, and to him we are indebted for one or two of the best at present in cultivation." Many amateurs are quietly working in the right direction at this date, Mr. Engleheart among the Narcissi, Mr. Wilks, secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society, in his Poppy beds, Miss Jekyll among the bunch Primroses, and a host of others. Perhaps the most striking results have come from the Orchid hybridists, Mr. John Seden prince of all; but Mr. Perry's advice to amateur gardeners to think of the possibilities of getting good results from hardy flowers should be taken heed of. After mentioning many families that may be improved by crossing and selection, Mr. Perry said: "Hundreds of others could be mentioned, all of more or less interest, and from past experience with other families similar results could be obtained. It will be useless for anyone to take up this matter unless it is done systematically, keeping to the object in view and working to obtain it. There must be nothing left to chance, as the cost of planting out, say, 1,000 Aster chance seedlings is great, especially if you get no results; whereas twenty carefully selected might produce one or two worth keeping, if only for further trial. One is not going to get novelties the first time of asking. It is a question of close watching and perseverance, and if only one or two are taken up by anyone here to-night with an idea of improvement, my work this evening will not have been thrown away."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are always pleased to assist our readers in matters concerning their gardens. We are also in touch with many first-class gardeners, and shall be happy to recommend one to any who may require the services of a good man.



C. Reid. MR. DARBEBY WITH BONNY LASS AND SIRDAR. Copyright—"C.L."



**A**MONG the "stately homes of England," Milton Abbey, near Blandford, in Dorsetshire, the seat of Everard Alexander Hambro, Esquire, owes much of its special charm and grandeur to the immediate vicinity of the noble abbey from which it takes the latter half of its name. The account, possibly legendary, given in the abbey register of the original founding of the abbey, is to the effect that King Athelstan, early in his reign, was so worked upon by false suggestion that his brother Edwin was plotting against him as to cause the prince to be sent to sea with a single oar "in an open boat," says the historian. Perhaps most boats were open at that date. Anyhow, Prince Edwin did not relish the situation, and jumped overboard, and so was drowned, on which Athelstan, overcome by repentance, went into monastic retirement for nine years and also founded this abbey. Unluckily this account of Edwin's death is not confirmed by the great authority, William of Malmesbury, but as the acute historian of Dorsetshire, Hutchins, observes, "it is very obvious how pleasant it was from the monk's point of view to indicate that the founding of an abbey was an appropriate way of compounding

for such little lapses from virtue as fratricide. It is the more curious that the register should have departed in this particular from the authority of William of Malmesbury, because in other things it faithfully follows it. But what the historian of Malmesbury does affirm is that it was at St. Katherine's Chapel, just above the house and abbey of Milton, that Athelstan, on the night preceding the battle of Brunenberg, had a divinely inspired dream foretelling his victory, and that it was in the courage of this inspiration that his men did so fall on as to slay three belted earls and seven barons of their enemies, the Picts and Scots, winning, as foretold, a notable victory. For this cause, if not by reason of the dubious drowning of Edwin, Athelstan founded the abbey of Middletown, so called because it is just about the midmost point of the county. And certainly the site on which the house and abbey now stand, by whatever inspiration it was suggested, is altogether a charming one, the junction of three valleys running up among the chalk hills. The battle of Brunenberg was fought in 938, and the probabilities point to some shortly subsequent date as that of the abbey's foundation. A grant for holding a market was given to



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THE HALL TO THE ABBEY.

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the abbot by Athelstan and confirmed by Edward I. Later we find the abbot holding a charter for a fair, market, and free warren.

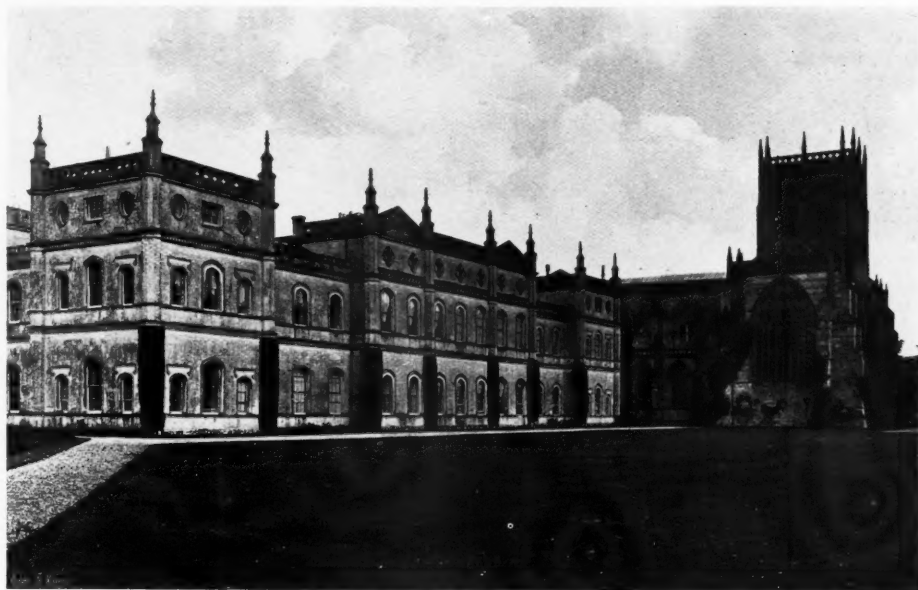
In Domesday Book there is mention of the Manor of Middletown as also belonging to the abbey, but William the Conqueror seized it and granted it back, after the feudal precedent, to be held of him for knight's service in chief. After the dissolution, the whole manorial rights and property in the abbey were granted, in return for certain payments, by Henry VIII., to a Cornishman, Sir John Tregonwell, a great man in his day, who served the King well in the matter of his divorce. From the Tregonwells the property passed *ex parte materna* to the Swedish family of Bancks, and subsequently came to Mr. Strahan, who in 1752 sold the whole of it to Joseph Damer, Esquire, created Lord Milton in the following year and Earl of Dorchester in 1792. In the Damer family the estate remained for exactly a century, in which interval the present house, with the exception of its most notable feature, the ancient abbot's hall, was built. One hundred

years after the purchase by Joseph Damer, Esquire, the property was bought by Charles Joachim Hambro, Baron of the Kingdom of Denmark, whose son is the present owner.

The ancient abbey church was destroyed by fire in 1309, in a very notorious storm of thunder and lightning, but shortly afterwards the rebuilding was begun. The structure, however, seems to have received iconoclastic devastation at the dissolution. The first restoration was done, under the Damers, by Mr. Wyatt, in 1789, and subsequently Baron Hambro had it grandly reconstructed by Sir Gilbert Scott. Some of the fabric, however, dates back to 1480, which also is the date of the very fine refectory, now used as a sitting-room or hall of the

modern house, but the present structure of the abbey obviously owes immensely to the genius of the latest architect of its restoration. The bold flying buttresses are a great feature of the original design. The history, the name, the beauty, and the special character of the dwelling-house of Milton Abbey are so intimately connected with this noble ecclesiastical building, which is almost structurally conjoined with it, that it is impossible to attempt any description of the one apart from the other. Together they form a perfectly harmonious whole. Of the size of the house, which is built in the form of a hollow square, enclosing a courtyard, a general idea may be given by saying

that it has sixty bedrooms, while the abbey adjoining has inside dimensions of 132ft. and a few inches in total length, with a breadth of 6ft. across nave and aisles, and a length of 107½ft. in the cross aisle. The main material of both house and abbey is a grey Portland stone, relieved with some flint work done in the best style. A very good notion of the relations of the one edifice to the other is given by the illustration showing one side of the house, with



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FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the abbey beyond, from the north-east. Up to 1771 the dwelling-house was composed of the old conventual buildings patched and adapted to modern needs by the various owners, but in 1771 the whole was taken down and rebuilt in its present style, on the design of Sir W. Chambers, with the very notable exception of the ancient hall. Of this fine room Hutchins writes as follows: "The hall, which was probably the abbot's, is a stately and magnificent room. The compass roof of Irish oak is finely wrought. It is 53ft. 6in. long, and 26ft. 6in. broad. At the higher end, on a stone pilaster that supported the roof, 1480 is engraved, the date of the building or repair." Hutchins then proceeds to describe, in the heraldic



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FROM THE EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

language, an immense number of shields that adorn the walls and windows. There is an oriel window and recess in one corner of this grand hall which the historian thus mentions: "The oriel on the south side of the hall near the upper end is 19ft. 4in. long, and 14ft. 8in. broad. On the arch by which you enter it there was on one side, a W with a crozier through it, and on the other a mill on a tun." This last device is just the kind of pun that was so dear to the hearts of heraldic designers—mill on tun—to designate Milton. A very fine old oak screen, partitioning off one end of the hall so as to form a passage, is not mentioned by Hutchins. The ancient, if not the ecclesiastical, character of this grand room is maintained and impressed by suits of plate and mail armour, and lances on its walls, together with a most fearsome and inhuman mantrap having two immensely strong springs. Over the large open fireplace there hang, with much appropriateness, a head and horns of a noble specimen of the old Irish elk. Of the modern apartments, the most remarkable, perhaps, is the so-called Queen Charlotte's Room, from the circumstance that it twice was honoured by the occupancy of King George III. and his Queen on occasions of visits to the then proprietor of the house and abbey. Far too much space would be required for even the most brief description of the abbey church. The most interesting features, perhaps, are two mural pictures, of which the one represents King Athelstan handing over a model of a church to a kneeling monk, who holds a crozier. The other is a representation of the Queen, carrying on her hand a hawk



Copyright

THE SOUTH SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in the illustration leads up between hedges of yew to that chapel of St. Katherine which, by its connection with the battle of Brunenbergh, is not the least interesting of the many historical associations of the place. The picturesque cottage that is the subject of one picture has a peculiar claim to notice, in that it is the sole remaining house of the old town of Middletown, which once was so considerable as to be the seat of the county fair and market. There is a present village that bears the name of Milton Abbas, but it is on a different part of the property. The extent of the landed estate is very considerable—approaching 11,000 acres.

It includes, just without the extensive park wall, one of the finest and best preserved British or Roman forts in England, well known by the name of the "Rings of Wralsbury." The length of the park wall is no less than five miles, but in the content thus included there are noble woods of beech and oak, the farm lands, the village of Milton Abbas itself, and other features that do not commonly fall within the ring fence, nor within the description of a park. Some years ago, three pair of roe were introduced into the Milton woods, and they have so multiplied in their congenial surroundings that at present their descendants are more numerous than is wholly to the taste of the foresters or the pheasant rearers. Lying, as the house does, in a great semi-circuit of the hills, at the meeting-point of three valleys, the coverts hang on the steep slopes, so that the pheasants driven from them over the heads of guns posted in the valleys below fly at a height that is altogether outside the philosophy of the ordinary



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A KEEPER'S COTTAGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

shooter of Norfolk and Suffolk. Obviously, the configuration of land which all this indicates lends itself inevitably to lovely effects of landscape, and when the beech woods are in the glory of their vernal or autumnal tints, their beauties of form and hue are not excelled by any scenery in England. There is no doubt that the first Lord Milton, he who built the house, was a very masterful man. He removed the Grammar School of Milton into Blandford, which is six miles distant and is now the postal and railway town of Milton Abbey, and took away, or did away,

tearing a bird. These singular paintings are justly described by Hutchins as very rude and ancient, but he concludes that they are oil paintings, and therefore done later than the date at which oil painting was discovered by John van Eyck, *i.e.*, 1410. Even so, it is hard to understand how they escaped the destruction by fire of the part of the abbey in which they stand. For the rest, there is at least one piece of sculpture eminently distinguished by the excellence of its execution, and others equally interesting for their curiosity and antiquity. The stairway of turf shown



the whole—except the one cottage referred to—of a town so considerable as to have a market once a week. There is little doubt that it was then the largest, as it was the middle town in Dorsetshire. For such of the inhabitants as he wished to retain near him, he built the village of Milton Abbas, about half a mile

from the house. The peculiarity of this village is that it consists of a single street running down a valley, with thatched cottages on each side, each being an exact fac-simile of its neighbour, and each having a horse-chestnut tree dividing it from its neighbour on either side. The effect is singular and on the whole highly successful.

## THINGS ABOUT OUR NEIGHBOURHOOD.

IT was from books and poultry literature that Betty got the idea she must have an incubator. Esmeralda wanted to know if it wouldn't be much cheaper and simpler to just buy the chickens in Regent Street, because, after all, those were the chickens which could be proved to have survived the incubating process. Whereas the chickens that were dormant in the eggs of Betty's hens, so to speak—well, one knew so little of what they were prepared to survive.

I thought it would be nice to give the Regent Street chickens a happy day—I mean home—in the country, but Betty knocked this suggestion on the head; she said the Regent Street chicken was only mere chicken; what she wanted was chickens that would be Indian Game and Dorking—dark Dorking—as well as chickens; so the question as to whether the constant amusement of the passing crowd made up to them for the attentions of a fluffy mother has never been settled about the Regent Street chickens. All the books on incubators, including how to make £200 a year by half-an-hour's work a day, appeared in our house, and everybody's catalogue as well. Finally, a large incubator came too, just a day after one of the fruit-houses had been selected as the place to put it in. This was a solid stone building with a well-fitting door; if the door of an incubator-house is slammed during hatching, it seems to lead the chickens to have more than the proper complement of legs or toes.

I will only say that the machine was a tank-incubator, and that it required some highly skilled juggling with a little square of metal, about the size of a postage stamp, which had to be hung "just so," containing, as it did, some artful chemical which expanded or contracted, and thus caused a metal arm to move according as the heat became too great or too little. Betty said it was perfectly simple when you had once grasped it, and having a latent genius for mechanics, she did this in one morning, after which it kept within a very few degrees of the required heat for two days. So it was time to put the eggs in.

There was immense selective ability exercised over the choosing of the fated eggs. Betty had in Bingle, who was supposed to be able to rear creatures owing to his pheasant-raising experiences, and he asserted that the long-shaped eggs all had cock chickens in them, and the round ones pullets; in this sense, Betty wrote the word "cock" on all the long eggs, and "hen" on the round ones, and she put in twenty per cent. of cock eggs to the whole number.

It was during the three weeks of feverish anticipation that the American poultry papers, to which she had decided to subscribe, began to pour in. She read out glowing passages from them, and would fall into fits of despondency as the fear crept over her that she ought to have done the whole thing in the American way. For this was so very different! The English hen papers were full of the trials and troubles and disappointments that beset the would-be poultry-raiser; their leading column was usually the obituary notices—or I should say, perhaps, the post-mortem opinion regarding the demise of costly animals whose bodies had been forwarded for dissection by experts. That, followed by columns of the results of shows at very small places in the North of England which none of us had ever heard of, and then columns of sacrifices which leading poultry-breeders were prepared to make in the way of selling notable pens of things.

"It seems," she observed, reflectively, one day, "that if anybody in England has a winner, he at once desires to sell it—now, why?"

"In case it dies, and he has to have it dissected at a cost of half-a-crown and postage to find out the reason," explained Esmeralda.

"Well, but in America there seem far fewer shows, the deaths are unchronicled, if there are any, and the autopsy business has apparently never been developed."

"Ah, there's something we're ahead of them in, anyhow," Esmeralda comforted, with a dry smile.

"Instead, they describe the truck-loads of chickens marketed. The length of time and details of cost from the egg to the killing-house—"

"Really, Betty!"

"Listen to this: 'How to make Broilers in Ten Weeks.' 'Mr. O'Sullivan Hooydonk tells his—'"

"What are broilers?"

"In America, hens are called chickens and chickens are called broilers, mostly," Betty explained.

"Dear me! how perverse; and what do they call eggs? But I don't think I want to hear about them."

"They seem so fearfully cheerful over it all. That green-bone-cutter plan I really must adopt."

"Betty, I will not believe that American animals, not even broilers, have green bones; that is too much."

"You don't understand; it simply means a machine for cutting up fresh bones—beef and mutton bones. Listen to this advertisement: 'A Hat-full of Eggs.'"

"Who wants his hat to be full of eggs? I should hate to have eggs in my hat. Why do they train their horrid broilers to lay eggs in people's hats? I have no sympathy with American customs, and never could have!"

Dear Esmeralda! she is so literal; it is the failing of an over-practical mind, I think.

Betty explained patiently, and added that she had ordered a green-bone-cutter; since the time I am speaking of, they have quite come in in England, and lots of firms sell them here. But we use ours now to break dog biscuit, which it does very nicely; the only kind of bones our butcher ever had for sale came so very expensive, and I suppose the cheaper kind of bones are sold as manure or made into table delicacies at Peckham.

A packet of post-cards addressed to different parts of the United States elicited from various manufacturers of hen furniture a bewildering mass of what they referred to as "our printing"; this was accompanied by folios of violet type-writing, informed by an almost larkly spirit of optimism, and displaying a uniform familiarity of address which cheated one into the belief that the writers must be old friends of the family. I have seldom seen longer letters than those composed by the bright young men who seem to direct agricultural industries on the other side. (I know that they are bright young men, because their lithographed portraits—those of every member of the firm—invariably accompanied the "printing.")

Still, I have not a word to say against the American methods of "pushing goods," because they undoubtedly led Betty to acquire the incubator; this was after the first incubator had worked—with moderately good results—for two seasons. But I must not anticipate. That first season Betty worked a leading English incubator and brooder, and her experience taught her much. The next season, she put all her best eggs under hens, and took the chickens away from the hens the moment they came out, to rear them in the brooder. You would have expected the opposite to be the case, if any variation were found necessary from the plain straightforward use of incubator and brooder. The hen's carelessness in staying too long off her nest, of scrabbling about so when re-settling herself that an egg or two was almost certain to get broken, of returning to the wrong nest and then hotly disputing her right to it with the outraged real owner, of eating eggs or otherwise bedevilling them—all these things, you would have said, compared badly with the settled calm of the incubator. While later, when the chicken was out, it might reasonably be expected to miss, in the brooder, those early lessons in scratching, those happy climbs on to the downy back of its mother, and the general personal comfort of its stuffy little home under her broad wing.

But our experience was that the hen brought out and the brooder reared the best chicken—why, exactly, I cannot say. When a hen was found who had a real gift for sitting, Betty let her sit and bring out two lots of eggs, usually taking them away before she could hear a cheeping and letting them come out in the incubator drawer. It was on the nineteenth or twentieth day that this exchange was effected, so often our chickens appeared before their natural time-limit was up, and we put this down to the high vitality of the germ, for Betty always set her eggs when not more than a day or two old at most, and the brooder reared them to perfection. She might be carrying on this system still, had it not been for the intervention of America in the form of the Cyphers incubator. How that purple letter and the accompanying printed things revolutionised the hen business for us at the Manor, I could with difficulty describe.

To begin with, there was the incubator, then the outdoor brooder, and then our carefully made poultry-houses were superseded by American-built ones; fresh air in summer—secured by having a wire-netting front to the houses; and warmth and security against draughts in winter—done by double walls and

far felt in between and a canvas curtain lowered inside the wire-netting in front, with even a second canvas curtain dropped midway within the house itself when weather is more than usually cold, have made a striking difference to the egg-basket and the fowls' health. Not letting them out on wet days has obviated the curious cramp they seemed to get, and Betty has an asphalted covered court laid with dry wheat straw for these muddy days, and they scratch among it for barley and buck-wheat or small maize—whichever grain they are "on" that day. Three times a week they have wheat (which Betty says is best of all), and only once oats.

Their morning food is largely vegetable, boiled with house-scrap and stiffened with "fish-meal" from Grimsby, "meat-meal" from I prefer not to think where, and Spratt's meal from Spratt's, alternately.

A very carefully calculated table showed that every egg cost us 3d., and, the first season, the few chickens that could be spared for the table came to 4s. 6d. each. Mostly they were too superior to be killed at all. "But, who wouldn't give threepence for a real egg?" Betty enquired. "Remember, each one is never over twelve hours old. The egg problem is really far simpler than people imagine," she extemporised, with an air of profound reflection. "The reason people can't adjust it is that they start with a false premiss. They think there aren't enough eggs in the world. As a fact, of course, there are too many. About six weeks too many. That is why we are always eating old ones—

in hotels and places. If an egg-fast could be imposed; if kings and emperors and district councils and that sort of people could simply agree to forbid the sale of eggs for, say, five weeks all over the world—the hens would get even with us again. Allowing one week for collection, forwarding, and marketing, there would be no eggs eaten or there to eat over seven days old—and that would taste absolutely fresh. (You know you were all unable to detect the difference between a twenty-four hours' egg and a five days' egg the day I made you each eat two for breakfast.) Then, if we gave up this practice of eating each others' eggs and ate only our own—you could cut down the time for marketing and supply generally. Why should we, after all, want to eat the Italians' eggs and the Russians' eggs?"

"Because, of course, there aren't enough in England to fill the demand," said I; somebody always has to "oblige" with opposition when Betty becomes disputatious.

"What nonsense that is! Do you believe England clears up its eggs every day? Of course not. Look in my store-room now—you'd find heaps; so you would in the larders of all the farms round us. Eggs left over, day after day! It's a pure case of bungle, I tell you. If emperors and kings and people—but they never get round to practical reforms, and I don't suppose they've ever heard that there are bad eggs!"

"Our King must," said Esmeralda, sagely, "because he has heard Dan Leno's Egg Song!"

## SKETCH OF A NORTH COUNTRY FARM.

By LADY MARJORIBANKS.

"A FINE morning for a drive," is the cheery greeting of my good agent as I step into his old-fashioned gig for the drive to the twelve-mile-distant farm. A sporting chestnut of a good old border stock champs her bit, tosses her head, and otherwise indicates her impatience to be off on the long expedition she knows so well; the reins are loosed, and we start on our drive. Through the quiet country town, with its mingled memories of bloody Border fray and cheery sporting days (for was it not for many long years the headquarters of one of the oldest and most renowned packs of Northern fox-hounds, the memory of which with their veteran Master and huntsman is still cherished), over the beautiful structure which bridges the silver stream, with the many romantic traditions of galloping horses and runaway matches, and on we speed till, another four miles being past, an older and more memorable bridge appears in sight. Here history and tradition tell Earl Surrey gained his important position to the rear of the Scottish army, cutting off its retreat to Scotland, and causing the fatal fight of Flodden to be fought and lost. Leaving the main road, we pass comfortable farm steadings, with all the busy stir which marks the midday hour. Sleek cattle in their cosy courts, placid flocks of Border Leicester sheep, the favourite breed among our Northern farmers, folded on the turnip breaks, sturdy work horses standing round the watering trough before the afternoon's turn, such sights and sounds of happy contented life and toil, with an occasional glimpse of ruined Border fortress telling of older and sterner days, are seen as we go, while the everlasting hills, with their winter cloak of sparkling white, seem to keep watch and ward over the peaceful scene. "The kye are through the hedge again," from the agent, recalls my attention to the fact that our goal is reached, and that a stately Jersey matron of over fifteen summers has shown her contempt for the usages of well-bred (bovine) society by selecting a weak point in the hedge for a passage from the bare pasture of an old grass field to the succulent turnips, with their perilous leaves. A bend in the road, and the rest of her companions appear in sight. Still, we may not linger with them now, but hasten on till the quaint steading is reached, and a messenger despatched to bring the wanderer home and to restore the damaged hedge.

The history of this farm is of some practical interest. It was taken in hand by the proprietor during the first fret and sting of agricultural depression, and no needless improvements were made on the buildings, which, though rough and rugged,

are warm, water-tight, and picturesque; and, though the fresh north wind plays at will through chinks and crannies of doors and windows and over the open cattle courts, does it not serve to dispel microbes and stimulate healthy appetites? The



CART MARE AND FOAL.

farm—unenclosed moor but recently—is of about 500 acres, consisting of varied soils, ranging from peat bog and sand to stiff clay, with a few sparse acres of more promising ground for the scientific agriculturist. When it was thrown on the hands of the proprietor, about twenty years ago, the farm carried four or five sickly sheep, a visitation of fluke having devastated the flock, a few starved cows and calves shivered round the comfortless byres, while the turnips, the prop and mainstay of the sturdy Northern farmer, were bullet-like tubers, useless to man or beast. The hay and corn crops were equally deplorable, and the neglected fences utterly failed to prevent a few worn-out horses from wandering at will over the entire farm in fruitless search for food. Little was done at first, except laying down some acres of permanent pasture, draining where unavoidable, opening out choked and neglected ditches, trimming and replanting the straggling hedges, and substituting sound gates for the broken hurdle or bit of torn sheep-net which had served as makeshifts.

Mr. H—has done the rest, and for the last sixteen or eighteen years the farm has not only paid its expenses, but returned a handsome interest on the capital invested. A flock of about 150 ewes is kept, principally Leicester Cheviots, though latterly a cross of Suffolks has been introduced, and the four rams are handsome and representative types of that breed. The lambs, which usually number from 180 to 220, are folded after weaning on tares, with light iron hurdles, which are moved frequently. When the tares are done the lambs, or hogs, as they are then called, are turned into the foggage, and then folded on the turnip fields, the roots having been first pulled, and subsequently supplied to the sheep cut in slices and placed in wooden troughs or boxes. They are also fed with oilcake and other dry food. After five or six months of this treatment they are sold in batches of about thirty or forty direct to the butcher or in the fat stock market, as may seem best, the poorest being reserved to the last, and a few retained to supply the household of the proprietor during the year. About 200 lambs are also taken in on payment during the summer, when they are fed on the aftermath, or foggage, as it is termed, and a certain quantity of oilcake daily supplied by the owner.

"The Jerseys are first-rate, and Belle Blanch has a grand heifer calf," is the welcome intelligence which is given of the herd,



about twenty of whom are slowly returning from their midday walk, which is never omitted unless it be physically impossible. This herd numbers about thirty, and thrives so well under the bracing treatment adopted that not a single case of tuberculosis has occurred in seventeen years, and even slight colds or such trifling indispositions are rare in the extreme. In close proximity to the German Ocean, with nothing, so it is averred, between it and the Pole but a few icebergs, the farm is swept for many months of the year by Kingsley's "Wild North-Easter," and although the coats of our favourites may appear in the depths of our rigorous winter to be in marked and slaggy contrast to the sleek skins of their southern sisters, they would stand comparison with any when the snowdrifts melt and lengthening days and springing grass tell us that summer is coming. Two or three of those which are at the moment giving most milk are kept at the Mansion House, providing the best of dairy produce for the household, the remainder of the milk being either made into butter or used in rearing the young calves. All heifers are, of course, retained. The calves are usually brought up by the cows, generally in couples at a time, and when one couple is weaned another is introduced to the cow in its place. Some cows have been known to bring up as many as six calves during a season in this way. The food of the cows varies according to the price of feeding-stuffs. No turnips are given, but dried grains, with a truss of straw or damaged hay, form their staple and frugal fare.

The nucleus of the herd purchased over forty years ago were two large and handsome cows imported by Fowler, with a young bull, also bred from imported stock, and from this modest beginning the existing herd has been built up. A careful register was kept of names and pedigrees, and occasional acquisitions were made from a few very choice self-



NORTH COUNTRY JERSEYS.

or on the young ones, some of whom are running out in an adjoining field, the rough sweet pasturage of which forms their staple fare, while five or six juveniles roam round the steading, and share with a few well-bred Aberdeen-Angus cattle the comfortable strawyard with its rough shelter.

The sun is sinking behind the snowy hills as I step into the old gig, suffusing them with the softest shade of rose, and as the stars flash out one by one faint beams of an aurora flicker in the northern sky, and it is borne in upon me how good and pleasant a thing it is to be thus brought face to face with Nature, and to study her, not only in the beauteous sights she displays to the seeing eye, but also in the wondrous mysteries she discloses to the scientific agriculturist.

## FLOWERS IN A WOOD.

WE have written more than once of the beautiful garden at Wisley, where Mr. G. F. Wilson for many years past has experimented in many delightful ways with the flowers of wood, border, and marsh, and saved many a wandering amateur

from pecuniary loss and hopeless despair by his timely advice, born of long experience. It is not of Wisley, however, but of Heatherbank and the cottage wood adjoining we would now write, and the notes herewith given may prove of practical use to those desirous of forming a flower garden in a thicket of trees and shrubs. Mr. Wilson makes a gradual clearing of trees, having in mind the formation of free and bold groups of flowers, such as those portrayed in the illustration of *Lilium speciosum album*, and thus saves needless destruction of good timber.



LILIUM SPECIOSUM ALBUM IN THE COTTAGE WOOD.

The trees are only cut down to give space for groups of flowers, and the surrounding trunks and deep colouring of foliage of summer and autumn accentuate the wealth of hue from the lily, or whatever plant is used in the present way. The lilies last autumn were a revelation and the result of one year's planting, and at the time of our visit, in November, the broad white

blossoms of the variety illustrated were still expanding in their sheltered retreat.

We asked Mr. Wilson the names of the lilies he recommended for general planting, those for an amateur to choose, and they are *Lilium speciosum* and its varieties, *L. Browni*, *L. leucanthemum*, the broad banded prettily curved type of *L. auratum*, *L. pardalinum*, *L. chalcedonicum* (for stiff soil), *L. tigrinum* and its variety *splendens*, *L. candidum*, *L. Henryi*, and *L. Batemani*.

Those who possess the last volume of the Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society should turn to page 377 and read Mr. Wilson's notes about lilies and their ways. We know *L. rubellum* from experience is more frequently a failure than a success, but Mr. Wilson tells us where to place it and the soil it enjoys. "As we were desirous of ascertaining the best way to grow *L. rubellum*, I got a number of imported bulbs and planted them in lots of ten or more, in very many situations, and under very different conditions, in October, 1899. The result is that we found a mixture of vegetable soil and loam and a partially shaded situation were what suited them best." A clump in flower in partial shade at the side of a bed of hybrid azaleas, one of the lily stems carrying three flowers, has a pleasing appearance. As we are writing and thinking of lilies, the following few words of wholesome advice about planting from this renowned authority should be taken heed of by lily-lovers: "The best position for planting lilies—at least in the southern counties—is a cool sheltered one; a very safe place is near the edge of a rhododendron bed; soil that will grow rhododendrons will also answer for most kinds of lilies. I can give two examples where lilies succeeded when left almost to themselves; one was in an old-fashioned garden with a small lawn inside the mainland, and sheltered and partly shaded by shrubs and trees. For the centre bed among some dwarf rhododendrons I planted many kinds of lilies, all of which succeeded perfectly. Blooms of *L. auratum*, gathered after a week of unusually stormy weather, were taken up to the Royal Horticultural Society, to show how little they had suffered. In the same garden *L. auratum* and *L. longiflorum* bloomed well in a great rhododendron bed, sheltered by a house, in a full southern exposure; but in this case watering was almost essential. The other situation is in the garden of a friend; his *L. auratum* are planted near the edges of large rhododendron beds, and are partially sheltered by a high bank, and by belts of trees at some little distance; his rhododendron soil suits the lilies admirably, and there appears to be moisture in the soil some little way down, which the roots can reach. The result is that season after season, even in the most unfavourable ones, hardly a lily is injured, and their flowers, on stems 6ft. to 11ft. in height, surpass any I have seen elsewhere. Most gardens have a north border where there are spaces between small shrubs; if a little peat and loam is dug in, and the bulbs planted 5in. or 6in. deep, lilies are almost sure to thrive. Some lilies, however, such as *L. candidum*, *L. Martagon*, *L. szovitzianum*, and *L. chalcedonicum*, require a stronger soil and like loam." This is the essence of a life lived almost among lilies, and should be valued as such.

In the clearings in the wood shrubby hypericums luxuriate; they are a delightful and unusual feature of this Surrey home, and Mr. Wilson hopes that they will be "grown more in the future." At Weybridge they sow themselves, and hundreds of seedlings are established in sunlight and shadow, a little forest of yellow-flowered glossy-leaved shrubs. There is yet another surprise, a colony of Sikkim rhododendrons, raised from Himalayan seed, and represented by many species. When the rugged bushes are in flower, bent with the weight of big gloriously coloured flowers, as odorous as a hundred Madonna lilies, the cottage wood is a rare picture, pleasantly unorthodox, and satisfying to the gardener whose aspirations soar higher than a



LILium CANDIDUM.

knowledge of tea roses or troublesome perennials. Himalayan rhododendrons in their bewildering and beautiful variety are for the connoisseur, but when successful the reward is great. In hardy azalea time the wood is splashed with colour from the leafy bushes, overwhelmed with flowers of many hues—orange, scarlet, salmon, pink, yellow, and a mingling of all shades, and drenched with perfume. Quieter in colouring are the shrubby veronicas, developing into big healthy bushes, and distinct from all else is the camellia, which flowers freely and preserves a decent look throughout the year. We suppose the camellia is so identified with a glasshouse that its adaptability for the outdoor garden is not generally believed in; but this waxy flower of winter is a beautiful evergreen, dense in colour, shining in the weak winter sunshine, and a warm, wholesome picture the whole year through. When the weather is kindly the leafage is dabbled over with flowers—red, white, pink, rose, or crimson, according to the variety growing.

Before January is out, the clearings are white with snowdrops, followed by crocuses, and rivers of daffodils in the first spring months, when the blue primroses and the usual kinds make tufts of colour. It is in a shady wood, screened from the full force of the sun, that the blue primroses—a race originated by Mr. Wilson—attain their purest and richest shades; or in some moist shady bank, perhaps against a moss-stained stone, the blue primrose is a little picture of pleasant flower beauty. The white speciosum lily illustrated shows the effect of free grouping with camellias in the background.

A few yards from the cottage wood is Heatherbank, the residence of Mr. Wilson, on Weybridge Heath. It has many interesting features to the gardener, one a rootery, or rootwork, where rambling roses, pernettyas, kalmias, azaleas, rhododendrons, ferns, and a company of dwarf shrubs are happy in the peaty soil. The rootery has never gained the affections of English gardeners; it is associated with evil fungus smells, of general decay, and woebegone vegetation; but Mr. Wilson has steadfastly rebuked those who think thus as



WIND SHELTER AT HEATHERBANK.



his practical experience tells him otherwise. He can point to the rookery of many years' formation with pleasure as a place where things grow with amazing freedom. The secret really is that a collection of burrs is not a place for the flowers of the high Alps or the moisture-seeking things of river and stream; it is not a "rock garden," but a construction that has its use in hiding some ugly wall or building, and this is its purport at Heatherbank.

One of the illustrations is of an unconventional summer-house-like erection. It is called a wind shelter, and has excited so much interest among Mr. Wilson's visitors that we illustrate it as a useful, not to say important, adjunct to the garden furniture in these days of open-air life. This severely plain structure revolves round upon an axle, and may be moved by a child, with the result, of course, that it can be so placed as to give comfort to those within—a grateful boon to invalids, to whom a life-giving medicine is fresh air and sunshine. When the wind blows from the north-east turn the little house round and avoid its keen edge, and when the sun shines too hotly seek the shade and bless the creator of a shelter so simple and helpful. It stands upon the lawn at Heatherbank.

## ALL ON A . . . SUMMER'S DAY

**N**O apology would be needed for this picture of three winsome children paddling in a shallow brook if it were printed simply for the sake of the wholesome pleasure which the mere sight of the children gives to the eye. But their bright faces become more

interesting when it is known that two of them, Miss Victoria Isham and her sister, who are on the right and left flank respectively—the warlike phrase is not accidental—are nieces of General Sir J. French. Each of them might sing, with a poet whose verse is possibly not familiar to all our readers, in peculiarly appropriate fashion,

"I lived there,  
Closed in from war and danger, friend and foe,  
By guardian fairies who made everywhere  
A wild small music, like to tinkling laughter,  
And airy talks and rustlings followed after,  
Amongst the rustling foliage, to and fro."

For them, with their friend Miss Dorothy Carnegie-Cheales, is the joyous innocence of childhood; their greatest prey, if they have any, is stickleback or minnow; their most serious peril a nip from the claw of a crayfish, or a scolding, which to all appearance they are in a fair way to earn, from their nurse. Meanwhile, on the ineffably dreary veldt, and among the grim kopjes, that dashing cavalry leader, the very Rupert of the South African War, has won for himself an undying reputation. And surely it is not too much to say that, when he comes home to his own country, not the least happy moment of his return will be that in which these happy children greet him.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### HAWKS AND OTHER BIRDS.

**O**NE would notice few hawks in the country, if it were not for the excitement of the other birds. The other morning I was passing the gate of one of those immense stubble-fields, sown with rye grass and clover, which are characteristic of Norfolk, and are haunted by hosts of ground-feeding birds, when I noticed a large flock of peewits rising hurriedly from the far corner. So I went to the gate to see what alarmed them. It might be only the gamekeeper or the shepherd, but on the other hand it might be a goshawk, like the one which haunted the place last winter. The cornstack, which of course was near the gate, hid the whole centre of the field from view; but on each side of it in the distance I could see birds hurrying east and west, and a pair of golden plovers, flying their fastest—which is very fast indeed—came whizzing on clean-cut, quick-beating wings close by the stack and over the gate within a few feet of my head. Badly scared plovers they were, evidently.

### THE MERLIN'S PASSAGE.

And now all the flocks of larks in the near corner of the field were taking alarm and scurrying away and aloft with shrill chattering of panic, and finches and fieldfares flung themselves up into the wind, while blackbirds and thrushes that had been feeding near the hedge on either hand bolted helter-skelter back to it. And just as my eye chanced to rest upon a skylark which had risen later than its fellows and was making a bee-line for the gate, a large cloud of earth seemed to come from behind the cornstack and very nearly hit it. The next instant, however, the cloud of earth spread its wings and shot upwards, for it was a merlin that, hidden from view by the stack, in its swift passage

corner-wise across the great stubble had cleared it of panic-stricken birds and only just succeeded in overtaking, and missing, the last of the larks in the last thirty yards, and the terrified lark gave the little falcon no second chance, for it doubled like lightning round two sides of the great stack, so close at the turn that its wings almost touched the straw, and then shot aloft from the other end, with enough start to make pursuit almost hopeless.

### NARROW ESCAPES.

By this time the whole country-side was in alarm. On each horizon clouds of birds were drifting at a safe distance watching their common enemy, while from every field more were rising. So the merlin flew, at great speed but no great height, across country; and, as always happens when panic reigns—among birds as among men—many terrified individuals, not knowing where or what the danger was, almost ran into it. But a frightened bird already making pace even in the wrong direction, is a very different thing to a surprised bird for a hawk to capture. So though the merlin stooped at various erratic fugitives that crossed its path, it missed every time; until, dwindling to a mere speck on the horizon, even through glasses, it made its last visible stoop behind a distant belt of trees and disappeared.

### QUICK RECOVERY.

The excitement of watching these quick races of life and death made them seem to occupy no time whatever; but when I turned to the stubble again the peewits were wheeling down to settle in the far corner, and a cock partridge, standing erect beside his crouching dame, was creakily challenging all comers into the open. Showers of finches were dropping from the sky into the hedges, and drifting out of the hedges to the stubble again; and on all sides the larks, by twos and threes and twenties, came skimming low along the ground back to their feeding-place. At first sight it seems strange that the birds can pass so quickly from extremest terror to complete reassurance, and perhaps where a hawk is rarely seen the terror of his entry lasts longer; but, taking the square mile of upland where the episode occurred, one can rarely cross it, at any hour of morning or afternoon, without seeing at least one hawk or falcon smiting its way across a panic-stricken landscape.

### WAITING ON THE ENGINE.

It is just possible, of course, that birds of prey seem more numerous than they are. They may be drawn to cross man's path, because they see from a distance the number of eatable birds which he puts up. In India there is a little chestnut-headed sparrow-hawk which you may see skimming close by the side of the State Railway locomotives, which traverse the Punjab plains at the



INTERESTING PADDLERS.

rate of about twenty miles an hour. This little hawk has learned that the roar and rattle of the train scares small birds from the jungly banks of the railway, and as you look he will suddenly dart away from the engine's side, and seize a little victim before it has got five yards from cover. His place is soon taken by another, however, for the next time you look out you will probably see a little chestnut-headed hawk keeping pace with the locomotive as before. Indeed, if you cross the carriage and look out of the opposite window you may see another little hawk on that side too. In the same way many kinds of birds of prey will force their unwelcome company upon you when shooting, in order to carry off wounded birds. They have learned, too, to keep at an aggravatingly safe distance from the angry gunner.

### SHORT INTERVALS BETWEEN HAWKS.

Moreover, it is so easy to train a young falcon to wait on you while you put up its quarry, that the proceeding must accord with its natural ideas, and as the merlins which come to us in winter may be reared in regions where men do not shoot all kinds of hawks as "vermin," they may have a natural instinct to make use of unconscious man as a "beater" whenever they see him taking a country walk. But the hawks that one sees generally come from one side of the landscape and disappear to the other, so that the meeting would seem to be a pure accident. If so, then one can understand why the birds which have been frightened half out of their senses by the sudden appearance of a hawk one minute are quietly feeding again the next. For if one can rarely cross a certain mile of country without seeing a hawk, and the hawk has not come for the express purpose of waiting on you there, then it follows that these sudden apparitions of birds of prey, or reappearances of the same bird, must be taking place at short intervals all day long.

### MORE MISSES THAN HITS.

Perhaps most of the feeding, love-making, and quarrelling of the small birds is naturally carried on in snatches, "between hawks," so to speak. And though the terror which the pirate's advent inspires is very genuine, the actual peril is very small. There is a helter-skelter of many hundreds of birds, all catching the panic from each other, and perhaps out of the whole fieldful of feathered fugitives the hawk may get near enough to one to strike—and miss.

Certainly of the attempts which one witnesses by hawks upon birds of any kind, the great majority are failures. I have known an escaped peregrine which came at least once daily for more than a week and attempted to take one of my flying pigeons; but, although exciting chases ensued, pigeons and falcon alike rising in circles to an enormous height, he never caught one, but almost invariably consoled himself afterwards by taking one of a neighbour's fantails. One could not help admiring the sporting spirit which always impelled him to attempt the difficult feat first; and in justice to his prowess it must be admitted that the pigeons always had the advantage of a long start skyward before he came upon the scene. But Nature does not provide such futile birds as fantails for the wild hawks to console themselves with; so they have to work hard and fly fast to get a living, and perhaps the little birds that they scare so terribly have the best of it after all.

#### PARTRIDGES' JOYS AND WOES.

Certainly the cock partridge, lording it over the surrounding stubble the instant the merlin's back is turned, seems to have a happier lot. The hawks do not often trouble him. If they did, the keeper's gun would have the last word in the argument. So, when the merlin passes, the partridge only ducks and keeps his weather eye upon the marauder. But the partridge has his troubles at this time all the same, and they come from his own kindred. In a sheltered field

hard by, several pairs of partridges—for by the 1st of February two partridges cease to be a "brace" and become a pair—have already marked out their spheres of influence for the summer, and all would be peace and happiness but for the outrageous behaviour of a bachelor partridge who insists upon paying his odious attentions to one of the brides. Unfortunately, too, he is a bigger and finer bird than her husband, whom he hunts mercilessly all over the place. This must be very trying to his wife; for you have only to look at a partridge to see that he comes of a family whose ladies have always placed strength and courage before mere good looks as qualifications in a husband. She is faithful, nevertheless, and wherever her husband flees for his life before her overbearing admirer she follows. Luckily for the devoted couple there are other partridges in the field, even stronger than the persecutor; and though they chivalrously allow the fugitives to pass through their territory, the swaggering interloper knows that he would have to fight for it. So he always desists from pursuit when he sees an erect form like his own reared above the stubble in front of him, and the harassed pair have a little peace. But this state of things cannot continue for ever, and unless the interloper takes himself off or something unexpected happens, I rather fear that the hunted husband will lose his wife. Even in wifely constancy, one must draw the line somewhere.

E. K. R.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

**A** HISTORY of the House of Douglas." By the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P., with an introduction by W. A. Lindsay, Windsor Herald. (London: Freemantle.) The promoters of this series of histories of great families made no mistake when they entrusted the commemoration of the great house of Douglas to Sir Herbert Maxwell, the indefatigable. He combines with a workmanlike pen a sufficiency of research,

A grim line of men were they, yet with some shining exceptions, such as the "Good Earl" James, that pattern of heroic fidelity, whom Sir Herbert lets down rather unkindly by the suggestion that the dying Bruce may have entrusted his heart to that tried servant, nominally for conveyance to the Holy Sepulchre, but

partly, too, to keep him out of the way of the fiery Moray. Yet complimentary adjectives were not always rightly bestowed upon members of the long line. Douglas "tender and true" could be both brutal and false. His much-wronged King consigned him to seclusion in the Abbey of Lindores. "He that may no better be, must be a monk," was Douglas's comment on the inevitable. "The Flower of Chivalry," Sir William Douglas, was suspected, too, of having procured one vile murder, that of Sir David Barclay, and had no scruples about swearing allegiance to the English King.

That was of the fashion of the time, however, and Sir Herbert Maxwell is, perhaps, a little too vigorous with his charges of treason. When Sir William de Douglas, "le Hardi," the first of the race who is much more than a name, vowed constancy on the Gospels to Edward, and promptly ranged himself under Wallace's standard, were his contemporaries really shocked? The Constable of Berwick composedly wrote, "Sir William de Douglas is in irons and in safe keeping. God be thanked, and for a good cause, as one who has well deserved it." The Douglasses fought for their own hand, it may be, but they were patriots according to their lights, and Sir Herbert Maxwell makes a good point when he praises them for their tenacious opposition to the disastrous French alliance. Warriors, for the most part, who could give any Percy of them as good as he brought, they produced some long-headed men, such as "the Good" Sir James's natural son, Archibald "the Grim," who built the Castle of the Thrieve, the huge square keep of which has been so charmingly illustrated in the first volume, and who codified the laws of the Marches. The family strengthened itself by brilliant marriages, such as that with the Lady of Galloway, daughter of Robert III. of Scotland, whose tomb, a beautiful example of flamboyant Gothic, is here reproduced. For sheer brains, however, and powerful authority it may be questioned if any of them could beat the Regent Morton. Sir Herbert Maxwell regards that statesman with a more



though he places too much credence, perhaps, in the ebullient Barbour and the reckless Froissart, notably in the reporting of conversations. The method with which he develops the fortunes of a tangled race, at any rate, is beyond all praise. He takes the Douglasses branch by branch, and conducts them steadily down to the Union, entirely avoiding confusion thereby, even if he has sometimes to repeat himself. By stopping at that point, some well-known Douglasses, such as that Earl of Mar who raised the standard for the Pretender in "the '15" and wicked "Old Q.," barely appear, but the later generations would have swollen the work to a stupendous size. The publishers, it may be added, are to be heartily congratulated on their share in it. The beautiful illustrations, some of them reproduced here through their courtesy, speak for themselves, whilst coats of arms, seals, and fac-similes of signatures lighten the page agreeably.

Was there ever a noble race—except, perhaps, the Guises—more consistently renowned in story than the Douglasses; the Black Douglasses especially? Some of the German families of similar rank played great parts for a time, but too often the weakling undid what strong ancestors had bound together. Sir Herbert Maxwell guardedly adopts the theory of Flemish origin, and they seem in truth to have had inborn in them a certain stolid endurance. The name, too, meaning "dark water," has, one may amuse one's self by thinking, a certain fanciful significance.



favourable eye than Mr. Andrew Lang, and not unjustly. He was dour to those who withstood him, but an able ruler of the realm. But if Morton receives a lenient sentence in these judicious pages, Sir Herbert Maxwell relieves his feelings by descending with a heavy hand upon his creature, Archibald Douglas, "the fellow," "the blood-guilty wretch," and "the rascal." In truth that assassin, turn-coat, and spy was not a nice person at all.

The interest of the first volume is scarcely sustained by the second. The Red Douglasses of Angus are dwarfed, somehow, through Scottish history, by the Black branch of the family. Sagacious and brave men there were among them, notably the eighth Earl, "much beloved of the godlie," as Calderwood called him who, almost alone of Mary Queen of Scots' opponents, played above board. But they lacked grit, as a rule, and were but waywardly ambitious. The redoubtable Archibald, Bell-the-Cat, had purpose of a sort; but he turned his hand on the master who trusted him, and it is impossible to disagree with Sir Herbert Maxwell's decision that his career was "in most of its features deplorable and in few of them glorious." Then again, the sixth Earl, the husband of Margaret Tudor, lived in that dreary time, the twilight of the Reformation, before John Knox arrived to lend the movement the inspiration of his masterful guidance. Dull politics and obscure matrimonial squabbles would read tamely even if Macaulay had the handling of them, nor is the squalor of events relieved by the personalities of a renegade and a hussy. A more sympathetic figure looms large, later on, in the fourth Duke of Hamilton, who fell, as readers of "Esmond" are well aware, in a duel with the brawler, Lord Mohun. A great aristocrat, if an ineffective statesman, he was admirably summed up by Bishop Burnet: "I am sorry I cannot say so much good of him as I could wish, and I have too much kindness for him to say any evil without necessity." Let me add, in conclusion, that incident in abundance splashes colour on a drab procession of individuals through the second volume. Of such is the famous "Cleansing of the Causeway," and that pretty quarrel, the slaughter of Drumlanrig's sheep, with Jock the Suckler as the judicious informer.

LYOYD SANDERS.

THE outside of Mrs. Earle's *Old-time Gardens* (Macmillan), or at

any rate of the copy which has been sent to me, bears a pretty design of an iron gate and a sundial and creeping plants, but it also resembles both the grape or the auricula and the widow's cruse. That is to say, it has a dusty

bloom which adheres to the fingers of the reader, and of that bloom the supply is apparently inexhaustible. Lest other copies should have a like quality in common with grape and auricula, it may be added that the sensation, which

is unpleasant as well as dirty, may be overcome by the use of a temporary paper cover or a pair of old gloves, and that the inside is more than worth the trouble. Never has Mrs. Earle herself gossiped more pleasantly or more gracefully on her favourite topic; never has her close acquaintance with the garden and with all the quaint old books and the good new ones about it been more abundantly or more quietly exhibited. More than this, her theme is the old one in a new form, for she lies to the gardens of New England and astonishes ignorant persons, like me, by showing us how fragrant of Old England are their flowers and their forms. From the ancient Garden Knot, which is the device of the dedication, to that of ambrosia, which adorns the end papers, the book is one long delight, and it will be as welcome in America as it is here.

The *Monthly Review* is a peculiarly interesting number, although it begins with an essay on Mr. Kipling's "The Islanders," of which the world has long grown weary. I have often, if not always, admired the series of articles entitled "On the Line," which deal from month to month with some of the most remarkable books of the day; and it appears that this admiration has been general. Now, at the end of a year of these articles, the editor emerges from his shell and gives us a list of the persons who have helped him in forming an estimate of the value of the literature of the day. It includes "Reginald Balfour, Mary Coleridge, Roger Fry, Thomas Hodgkin, D.C.L., Andrew Lang, Alex. Fuller-Maitland, James H. F. Peile (Rev.), A. T. Quiller-Couch, Gerald Ritchie, Edith Sichel, and F. Warre-Cornish (Vice-Provost of Eton)." Frankly I wish that the editor had kept his secret to himself, for good as some of the names are, others are not very familiar, and some are very much too familiar. The Earl of Carlisle subjects Lord Grey's system of Public-house Trusts to a searching investigation, for which, perhaps, it will be none the worse. Of the other articles, that which interests me most is a really wholesale castigation administered by Mr. Andrew Lang to that absurd Mrs. Gallup. As for

the bi-literal cipher itself, I put it down as one of the most foolish theories that was ever laid before the world with an appearance of seriousness, and I regard time spent in exposing it as time absolutely wasted. But for all that Mr. Lang's essay

is an intellectual treat. Mr. Sidney brayed Mrs. Gallup in a mortar. Mr. Andrew Lang, who can write about fencing, and I believe can fence himself, gets the poor woman up in a corner, encased in her sham armour, and then with a keen rapier pierces every weak point in it. In the end, each plate in the armour looks like the bottom of a colander, and the beauty of the thing is that Mr. Lang leaves on one's mind a very clear impression of his attitude to Mrs. Gallup and to Bacon as portrayed by Mrs. Gallup without once being guilty of "rudeness to a lady."

The translation by M. Mojaisky from Maksim Gorky's *The Khan*

and his Son, direct from the original Russian, and authorised by M. Gorky himself, leaves me quite sure that it is not worth my while to learn Russian—understood to be a very difficult language—for the sake of becoming acquainted



Tomb of Margaret Countess of Douglas  
 in Lincluden Abbey



Thrive & Co.

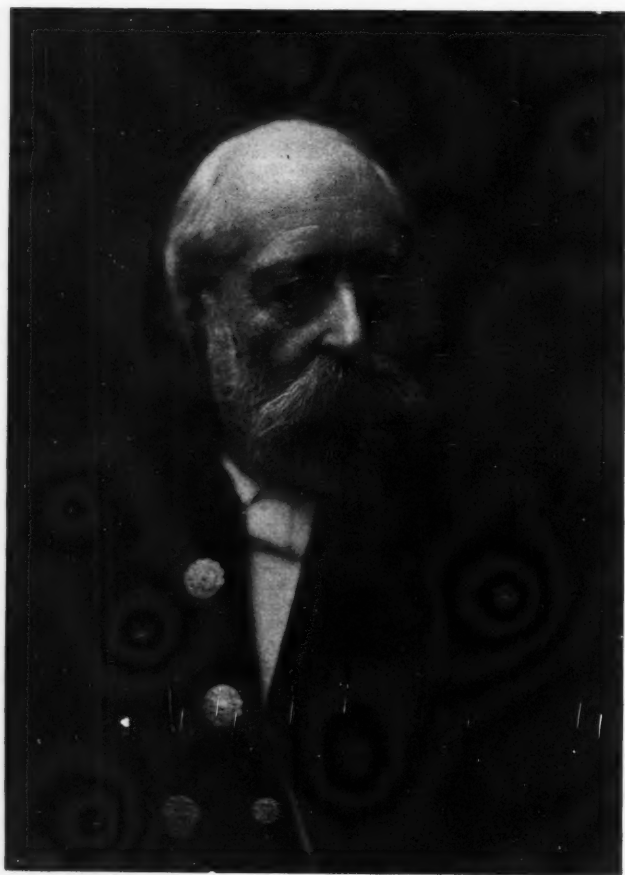
with the rest of M. Gorky's works. On the other hand, Mr. Laurence Binyon's poem, "The Death of Adam," is sonorous and majestic—almost Miltonic in its stateliness:

"Then Adam said, 'Lift me, that I may see.'  
With careful arms they lifted him; he gazed  
Down on the valley stretched out at his feet,  
Marked with the shining stream; he saw beyond  
Ranges of endless hills, and very far  
On the remote horizon high and clear  
Shone marvellous the gates of Paradise.  
There was his home, his lost home, there the paths  
His feet had trod in blessed tears, the streams,  
The heavenly trees that had o'ershadowed him,  
Removed all into radiance, clear and strange,  
As to a fisher on dark Caspian waves,  
Far from the land, appears the glimmering snow  
Of Caucasus, already bathed in dawn,  
Like a suspended opal huge in heaven,  
And wonder awes him to remember how  
Long happy mornings of his youth he strayed  
Over those same far valleys of his home  
Now melted and subdued to phantom shade  
Beneath that lonely mount hung in the dawn:  
So over darkened intervening vales  
Tinged in the sweet fire of the lights' farewell  
Shone Eden upon Adam."

The *Fortnightly* is solid for the most part, but with a meritorious solidity. Rather a striking article is "A Bismarck en Pantoufles," by "Pollex," which Count Von Bülow will do well to read for his chastening. "Pollex" is indeed a master of phrase, and a comparison between the pinchbeck speeches of the present Chancellor and the iron reserve of his great predecessor is distinctly entertaining no less than instructive. In "Francesca du Rimini" Mr. Arthur Symonds gives us not only his views on D'Annunzio's new piece, but also some remarkably fine metrical translations from his own pen. Of the play, now that it has been cut, he augurs well; of his verse the reader will probably form from the following extract the conclusion which has been given above:

"Francesca: Sister, do you remember how one day  
In August we were on the tower together,  
We saw great clouds rise up out of the sea,  
Great clouds heavy with storm,  
And there was a hot wind that gave us thirst;  
And all the weight of the great heavy sky  
Weighed over on our heads; and we saw all  
The forest round about, down to the shore  
Of Chiassi, turn to blackness, like the sea;  
And we saw birds, flying in companies  
Before the murmur growing on the wind.  
Do you remember?"

Under the title "Aubrey de Vere" Mr. Edmund Gosse breaks out into the verse of elegy and eulogy. Personally, I think he under-estimates the greatness of his subject, and that on occasion he spoils fair poetry



H. W. Barnett.

MR. G. F. BODLEY.

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by the use of rather childish words. Witness the italics in the following extract:

"In the far romantic morning where the giant bards together,  
Ringed with dew and light and music, struck their lyres in golden weather,  
Came a child and stood beside them, gazed adoring in their eyes,  
Hushed his little heart in worship of a race so *blant* and wise.

"Their's were voices heard like harps above the congregated thunder;  
His, a trembling hymn to beauty, or a breath of whispered wonder;  
When the world's tongue spoke his vanished; but the turmoil rolled  
Fragments of romantic rapture, echoes of the age of gold."

Candour compels the confession that *The Sidneys of Penshurst*, by Philip Sidney (Bousfield), is as intensely disappointing in one way as delightful in another. No man ever had a better subject than he who, with Sir Philip Sidney as principal jewel and with the other glorious men and women of the Sidney family for lesser but still considerable gems, set to work to arrange the whole into an artistic composition. The reason of the failure is perfectly simple. The author knows his subject probably more thoroughly than any man living, but, unfortunately, he cannot write. His case is analogous to that of a man who, possessing paints and brushes and canvas and a series of unrivalled subjects for portraits, undertakes the task of producing the portraits without knowing how to paint. He has neither breadth of artistic conception nor technical mastery. Time after time he tries conclusions with the King's English, and is worsted. Nevertheless, the book may be recommended with some confidence, mainly because it contains so many extracts from the words of one of the most wonderful families that ever left its mark upon the history of our country. Perhaps the most striking fragment in the literary and historical treasure bequeathed by the Sidneys to posterity is the piece by Sir Philip Sidney, entitled "Pamela's Prayer," once printed in the "Eikon Basilike" as the work of Charles I., and detected by John Milton, who said it was purloined "word for word from the mouth of a heathen woman, praying to a heathen god; and that in no serious book, but the vain amatorial poem of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*." English prose has rarely risen to higher levels than in that prayer, of which only a very brief passage can be given: "Let calamity be the exercise, but not the overthrow of my virtue; let her power prevail, but prevail not to destruction. Let my greatness be their prey; let my pain be the sweetness of their revenge; let them (if so seem good unto them) vex me with more and more punishment. But, O Lord, let never their wickedness have such a hand, but that I may carry a pure mind in a pure body!"

In *Donegal Fairy Stories* (Isbister) Mr. Seumas MacManus not only introduces us to the extremely interesting folklore of a primitive county in Western Ireland, but also makes us understand more clearly than ever before how simple is the nature of the peasantry of that wild and romantic district. "Tales as old as the curlew's call are to-day listened to around the hearths of Donegal with the same keen and credulous eagerness with which they were hearkened to hundreds of years ago. Of a people whose only wealth is mental and spiritual, the thousand such tales are not the least significant heritage." In fact, the Donegal peasantry, like the sailor on board ship, delights in yarns told by word of mouth which have been handed down probably with little or no variation from the days of remote antiquity. "The professional shanachy recites them to a charmed audience in the wake-house, in the potato field, on the green hillside on summer Sundays, and at the cross-roads in blissful autumn gloamings, whilst the green marge resists his hearers' aching limbs." The shanachy, in fact, is the direct heir of the minstrel of classical and mediæval times. This little selection of his stories, simple as it is, and illustrated by quaint woodcuts, is distinctly welcome. The dedication is in Erse language and characters, and the Erse—so far as I can read it, which is not a long way—appears from a translation alongside to be less unlike Welsh than I had understood it to be. Where it is the reverse of original Erse and quite like Welsh, as in the case of words like "disciple" and "humble," it has to borrow from the Latin.

## THE NEW ACADEMICIAN.

MR. GEORGE FREDERICK BODLEY'S promotion to the full membership of the Royal Academy came as a surprise to many. His name is less familiar to the public than that of the eminent sculptor, Mr. George Frampton, who appears to have run him so close in the competition. Mr. Bodley's election, however, seems to be well merited; and Mr. Frampton, doubtless, will not have long to wait. Besides being a distinguished artist, the new Academician has published volumes of verses; he is an enthusiastic antiquary and a musician of no mean attainment. Mr. Bodley may therefore be regarded as a man of wide and diverse culture, and far from limited in the range of his artistic perceptions. The work by which he is perhaps best known in London is the School Board offices on the Thames Embankment. It is impossible to pass this building without remarking the simplicity and charm that characterise it, or the evident delight of the architect in every accessory and detail. Among other buildings erected by him in the metropolis we may mention the church at Camden Town, which displays most happily Mr. Bodley's powers of adapting the means at his disposal to the desired end. Of his interior decoration of churches the organ case of St. Mathew's, Chapel Allerton, near Leeds, is a favourable specimen; while the rood-screen at St. Paul's Cathedral, which he designed, is another instance of his scheme of decoration that has been largely influenced by Italian methods.

Mr. Bodley has been fortunate in having numbered among his patrons clients such as the Duke of Newcastle and Mrs. Meynell-Ingram, who deserve considerable credit for the fact that they allowed the architect practically a free hand, and thereby largely contributed to the success of his work. The





E. T. Sheaf.

CASTING FORWARD.

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decay of architecture, as an art, is mainly due to the blind folly of the employer, who regards his architect as merely a necessary adjunct to the builder, and Mr. Bodley's good fortune in this respect may possibly be considered a hopeful sign of more intelligent action in the future. Mr. Bodley has a country house in Bucks, with the Thames flowing past his garden, and he has celebrated the charms both of landscape and river in melodious verse. In his volume of poems, published in 1899, he gives free expression to his love of the sister arts of painting, music, and sculpture; and we are not surprised, therefore, to note in his work a catholicity of spirit too often wanting in the rigid English school. Since the ranks of the Sacred Forty were to be swelled by the addition of an architect and not a sculptor, his brother members may be safely congratulated on their choice.

## O'ER FIELD & FURROW.

NO one was surprised that the North Cotswold Hunt re-elected Mr. Charles McNeill to the Mastership with acclamation. If health and opportunity are granted him, I quite expect to see his name enrolled in the history of fox-hunting as one of the great Masters of our time. Mr. C. McNeill was known to everyone in Mr. Fernie's Hunt as a good man to hounds, but those of us who knew him best recognised that he was not merely a horseman, but an enthusiastic student of hounds and hound breeding. From the first he has realised the opinion I expressed at the time of his appointment—that he would show exceptional ability in handling hounds. The sport of the North Cotswold has been remarkable for good pace and points. But where Mr. McNeill excels is in the rare gift of sympathy with the pack. He never refuses to let them hunt, but he knows how to seize the right moment to hustle them a little and keep them moving. No one who has not hunted hounds can imagine how a slackly

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The Pytchley committee have remitted the choice of a Master to a sub-committee. It is understood that Lord Annaly will most likely be appointed. It may seem to some people that it is a very delightful thing to be Master of a fashionable country like the Pytchley. Yet it will

be noticed from the rather imperfect histories of the hunt published that there have been many changes. So many, indeed, that Mr. Nethercote forgets altogether the two years when Mr. Naylor of Kelmarsh hunted the country, with Squires to carry the horn. But although the country is good, and the subscription—about £6,000—liberal, yet it is hard work to hunt such a pack. The Master must be out, if his huntsman is to have fair play with such a crowd. Hence wherever he lives he must often have long rides home. The ordinary man goes out when he pleases, and with any pack of hounds that may be near at hand; the Master must, as a rule, be with his own. Probably Mr. Wroughton might not have stayed so long were it not that he succumbed to the fascination of hound breeding. He leaves the pack much better than he found it. He has had, too, the services of an excellent huntsman. Nothing tells so much on one as time goes on as road work, and of this there is of necessity very much with the Pytchley. Liberal as the subscription is, there is not much left when the hunt servants have been mounted. Mr. Wroughton has been a Master who always hunted when he could, and never left off until he was obliged.

Freeman has been hunting the Quorn hounds since Walter Keyte has been laid up, and he has handled the pack well. I should imagine that he is a relation of the Freeman who was an excellent huntsman and popular servant with the South and West Wilts in Mr. Jack Martin's time. Hounds managed to go out on the 6th, meeting at Kirby Gate. No one could have blamed the

Master if he had not hunted, and twenty years ago I do not believe hounds would have left their benches. Nowadays, on the principle of "you never know what you can do until you try," hounds go to the fixture, and hunting is often found possible in the afternoon when the morning seemed most forbidding. Thus the Quorn and the Cottesmore have each snatched days of good sport out of the very jaws of winter. Indeed, the Belvoir pack secured a capital gallop from Colonel Willson's Osier-bed early last week. They started close to a fox, and ran him with scarcely a check, for though hounds wavered once or twice, Capell never had to cast them; each time they put themselves right, and drove forward with renewed vigour. This country round about Leadenham and Fulbeck is grass, but it is not easy for horses. The ditches are wide, and the farmers keep their fences in good order. Supposing—and this means a good deal—a man rides straight to hounds, these ditches take a great deal out of horses, and comparatively few see the end of a run. There is a difference too in the way people try to ride to hounds. Our forefathers regarded being "in at the death" as the test of a sportsman; fewer men saw hounds at the beginning and more the end of the run than is the case now.

In these days the start is everything, in those the finish. "Up at the finish? No, I am not often there if the gallop is over twenty minutes, but I see more of the hounds. I ride as straight as I can till I funk or the horse is beat, and then I pull up. As hounds run on a scent, the best horse in the world cannot live really with them galloping and jumping for half-an-hour. Oh, yes, I know the older men started quietly, kept a bit up their sleeve, and came at the end, but the best of a run in nine cases out of ten is the beginning. Hounds run with more fire and dash, and horses gallop so freely. At the end the fox begins to turn short, the scent fades as he grows weary, and it's poor fun." This is the view of the hard rider of to-day, and I am not sure he is wrong, though I still cling rather to the old-fashioned way of nursing one's horse and seeing as much as possible.

That ancient hunt, the Old Berkeley West, are to lose their Master, Mr. Alfred Gilbey. He has hunted a difficult woodland country with great success. True, the foxes are good when they are left alone. Stout, wilder foxes than could be found in the Boxes, Hell Bottom, or Church Wood in the old days when I knew the pack, it would be difficult to find. No doubt Mr. Gilbey will continue to be a pillar of fox-hunting in Bucks. This hunt still wear the Old Berkeley canary-coloured plush, and very picturesque it looks



E. T. Sheaf.

ALL OVER TOGETHER.

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in the beautiful Beech Woods. It is weary work hearing of sport in which one cannot join. Frost has been against us, but imagination is a quick hunter. Even with the snow falling steadily, the ground hard, a Leicestershire mist creeping up, and the stable authorities talking about a straw ride, the blood runs a little quicker when one reads of such a gallop as this: "You ask what it is like in Ireland. Come and see. The most confidential in the stable shall be your mount. Such a run with the Ward! If some of those fellows who are railing at stag-hunting had been at it they would never say another syllable against it. All grass too with the Ward, no gates. When the stag was uncarted he dodged about a bit at first. You know stags will at times, till they have their second wind. You never know when they are going to begin. It is always best to keep your eye on the hounds. The pack began to go all of a sudden, stringing out a bit as the pace increased. If you knew the country I would tell you where we went. What does anyone want to know where he is when he is hunting? If he is there or thereabouts it is enough. The stag stood up for two hours, a ten-mile point as hounds went. Mrs. Pardo Kirk, one of our best ladies to hounds, was down; one man fell into a river. Indeed, there were a good many falls, as there was bound to be with the pace. There was luckily a check or two, or few indeed would have seen the end."

After all, the week has not been quite a barren one. The revival of the Melton Mowbray Hunt Ball was a great success. Colonel Baldock deserves most of the credit, for he did the greater part of the work. Moreover, we actually met the Quorn at Great Dalby. True it was not possible to ride, but it was something to be able to see hounds run over the Burton Flats and to ground once more in the Gartree Hill Coverts. The sun melted the roads sufficiently to make the trot home pleasant. The Pytchley held their ball last week at Guilsborough Hall. As this is rather an out-of-the-way spot, and it was not too attractive a night, it was rather a small assembly compared with the Melton dance, yet I hear it was thoroughly enjoyable and pleasant, and those who ventured had no reason to regret their boldness.

Snow, hard frost, and a very low temperature seem to offer no very cheerful prospect for next week.

X.

## THE KING'S SHIRE SALE.

IT was a very interesting gathering at Wolferton on the occasion of the King's sale of Shires, and the bidding, if not sensational, was at all events satisfactory. The average price obtained for forty-five animals was £192 12s. 4d., the total being £8,667 15s. This is not quite up to the average of £224 produced in 1898, or that at Lord Rothschild's sale, £217, but this may be accounted for by the absence of any animal commanding an



E. T. Sheaf.

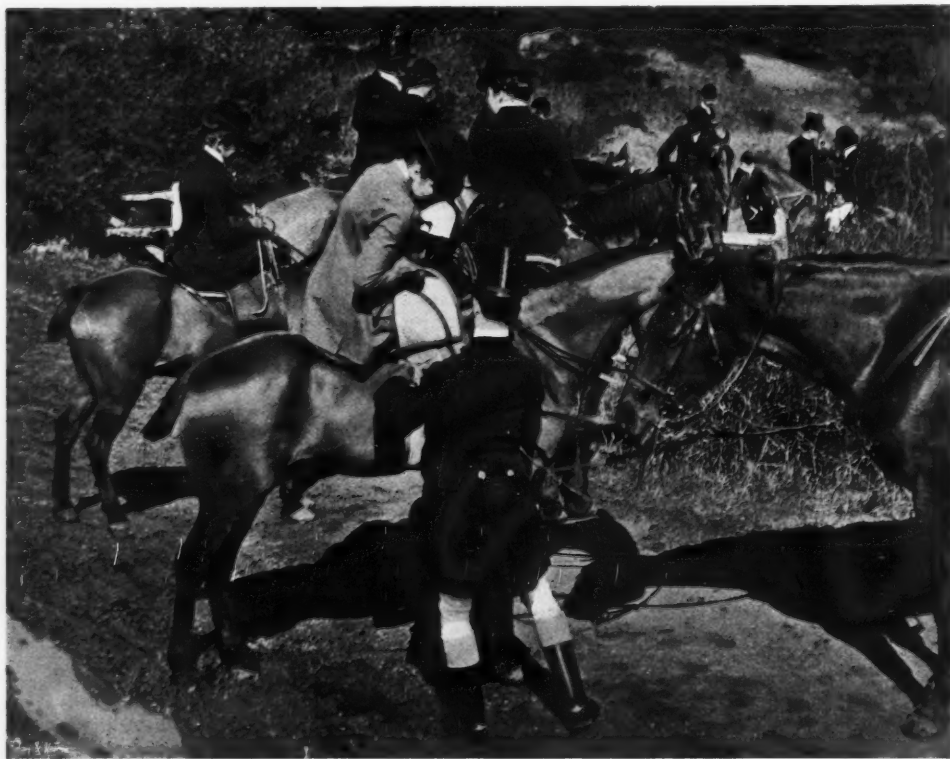
A NEW DRAW.

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out-of-the-way price. One or two animals at anything between 750 and 2,000 guineas give what is really a fictitious appearance to the average. In this case the highest price given was for Solace, acquired by Lord Rothschild for 575 guineas. This bay mare, by Lord Arthur out of Albani, ought to prove a valuable addition to the Tring stud, especially as she is in foal to Markheaton Royal Harold. Her sire was by Salisbury, and her dam by Prince William. She has already proved herself a good brood mare by being dam to Victor's Queen. The next largest price for brood mares was given by Mr. Leopold Salomons, who secured Southernwood Echo for 300 guineas. She is a bay of the same age as Solace, and also by Lord Arthur out of Lady Cleveland, another Prince William mare; in foal to Benedick, she ought to strengthen the fine stud at Norbury Park. Mr. Fred Crisp gave 250 guineas for the black mare Calwich Mavis, by Prince Harold out of Luck; Mr. Eadie gave 230 guineas for Kingsbury Violet, a bay foaled in 1897, by Duke of Worsley out of Hitchen Queen; and the same price was given by Mr. Hardcastle for Girtan Dolly Varden, a bay by Mormaer of Batsford out of Maimun. Fourteen brood mares were sold for an average of £203 5s.

The young stallion Benedick, of which we gave a picture in COUNTRY LIFE (No. 265), was acquired by Mr. Smith Carrington for 500 guineas, and the colt illustrated at the same time, Royal President, was bought by the Earl of Coventry for 230 guineas. These were the two highest prices for stallions and colts, of which five were sold for an average of £258 4s. The yearling fillies were a very promising lot, and did remarkably well.

Sir J. Blundell Maple gave the top price for Mountain Echo, a brown by Calwich Blend out of Southernwood Echo, Lord Llangattock is taking to The Hendre Dewy May, a bay by Bold Harold out of a Rokeby Friar mare, and Mr. Kearns gave 270 guineas for Torfrida, a bay by Harold out of Churnet Prudence. The seven yearling fillies made an average of £193 10s. Of the two year old fillies the pick of the basket was Ruby Glimpse, a bay by Calwich Blaze out of Glimpse; she also goes to Norbury Park, at a cost to Mr. Salomons of 450 guineas. None of the rest brought more than 155 guineas, paid by Mr. Rogers for Pilot's Hope, own sister to Torfrida. The average for the two year old fillies was £139 2s. 6d. Of the three year old fillies Mr. Salomons purchased for 300 guineas Queen's Birthday, a bay by Harold out of Afterthought and covered by Bury Victor Chief, and the Marquess of Winchester gave the same price for Lady Darling, a bay by Calwich Heirloom out of May Darling, in foal to Mr. Salomons' stallion Hendre Conqueror; Mr. Garrett Taylor gave 270 guineas for Blythwood Royal Bounty, a bay by Markheaton Royal Harold out of Blythwood Bountiful; and Mr. C. Morbey



E. T. Sheaf.

TIGHTENING THE GIRTH.

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gave 230 guineas for Maidenhair, a bay by Harold out of Princess May. The average for the three year old fillies was the very satisfactory one of £19 10s.

It was generally remarked that the horses were in very excellent, hardy condition, not coddled and fattened, but fresh from the Wolferton marshes, and ready to be prepared either for show or breeding. Their constitutions have been strengthened by the winds and storms that blow across the Wash. An important point, too, is that the mares are all by fashionable and trustworthy sires. This it is that in the past has made the King's stud a nursery ground for famous prize-winners. Among stallions Anchorite and among mares Gloaming and Victor's Queen will readily occur to the mind as former animals bred at Wolferton, and no doubt in the coming shows we shall hear of many whose prices we have enumerated.



#### TECHNICAL EDUCATION AND TRADE UNIONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your young contemporary, the *Woodworker*, which interests me because it contains simple designs which I hope to be able to carry out, appears a letter explaining a grievance which, it is to be hoped, is exceptional. It appears that in the correspondent's district, which is stated to be in the South of England, an effort has been made to establish a carpentry class, but that this was regarded with hostile eyes by the trade in the vicinity in so much that it was actually proposed that the instructor should be expelled from the trade society of which he was a member. That the statement is true need not be doubted for a moment; it is not of the kind that the average enemy of trade unionism would invent, for it would not occur to him. But the fact is outrageous, and the spirit displayed is as bad as the worst spirit of the craft guilds of the Middle Ages. They, while they limited the number of tradesmen in a craft, at least took steps to ensure the competence of those who practised it. Their modern successors take no steps to encourage proficiency in their members, and for mere love of gain strive to prohibit the acquisition of knowledge by outsiders. This policy is doubly short-sighted, and worse than that. Firstly, no community of ordinary self-respect will tolerate insolent dictation of this kind, which simply shows that the local carpenters are so conscious of their own want of craftsmanship that they fear even the amateur. Then there will not be the slightest difficulty in finding a perfectly competent instructor who is not a trade unionist—for carpentry is fairly simple at bottom. Next, the local carpenters ought to be perfectly well aware that the development of a taste for good carpentering work in their neighbourhood will raise and improve their trade. May their downfall be as rapid as their insolence is swollen.—LIBERTAS.

#### PANGBOURNE BRIDGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The letter in your issue of February 1st from Mr. Morris must cause reflection, both to those who feel the necessities of modern life and the beauties of Nature. In fact, a first-class, up-to-date modern bridge of steel has been ordered, "not inoffensive, and perhaps even a pleasing structure." As Mr. Morris says: "It is the beautifying hand of Time which renders the old stone and timber bridges so pleasing," but—and there is evidently a desire to construct a bridge in harmony with the surroundings—can he point out any bridge of steel and its "attendant hard lines" which has been rendered beautiful by the hand of Time; and if a wooden bridge is entirely out of the question, could Mr. Morris not plan a bridge which, deriving its strength from steel, would yet have sufficient woodwork about it to give Time a chance? I must say that if Mr. Morris cannot see his way to modify his views, yours will in future have to be taken from a very respectful distance.—COUSIN PONS.

[We give a sketch of Walton Bridge from the pencil and memory of Mr. Charles F. D. Clark, in connection with whose letter in last week's issue it should be read.—ED.]

#### CORPORATION GOLF.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I hope you will allow an enthusiastic but impecunious golfer to air a grievance in your columns. Till last year Epping Forest Links, as far as I know, alone offered a chance of playing to those who could not afford to join a club. But this privilege has gone the way of all flesh. The old club has acquired private links, and the Corporation have taken over the management of the plain. A board is stuck up with a variety of new rules, chief among which is a tariff, from which it appears you cannot play a round of golf without paying 1s. 9d. and 1s. to the caddie for the privilege; a second round costs 3d. less, so that the poor clerk or shop assistant has to pay 5s. for his two rounds, or, if he contracts for the day, he may get off with 6s. altogether. For the class concerned these terms are prohibitive, and, in point of fact, where the plain used to be covered from end to end with red coats, only a stray golfer or two are now to be seen. Again, the Corporation absolutely prohibit golf on Sundays. I suppose they think the caddies all go to church on that day, though most of their familiar faces are seen about the doors of public-houses waiting for opening time. It is extremely hard on the class who used to golf most on Sunday. They have long hours and very little pay, and a round on the plain

set them up for a week after, and it seems to me this rule is an ill-timed outbreak of Puritanism. It does no good whatever, but a great deal of harm, since those who used to play are in no wise likely to go to any better place. Here they had at least healthy fresh air and exercise, something to send them back to their work with new vigour and spirit. Nor is there any sense in charging so excessive a tariff; it is not even good business, as it only keeps golfers away. Suppose a man were to golf only one day a week for six months in the year, he would pay twenty-six times 6s., which comes to a sum for which he might golf every day all the year round, and on Sundays, too, if he liked. One hopes against hope that the Corporation will see fit to revise these regulations before the advance of spring.—IMPECUNIOUS.

#### AN OLD GIPSY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Last week a somewhat remarkable man passed away at Whitby Wood, Berkshire, one Frederick Draper, who claimed to be the oldest gipsy in the world. Although there is no entry in the parish register, it appears to be beyond question that old Draper was born at Bix, near Henley-on-Thames, in June, 1797, and was, therefore, in his 105th year. He lived with his son, Wellington Draper, who was born in the year when Waterloo was fought. I have known them for many years, and have often talked with the old man about his recollections of early days. The power of "the evil eye" of the witch was fully believed in then. He told me of the witch at Farnham who made the cows run wild and prevented them from giving milk; of another witch who lived at Henley-on-Thames, and who was thrown into the river and floated like a cork. Here was a late survival of the old Saxon method of trying culprits by the water ordeal, which was often used in examining witches. This particular Henley witch could turn herself into a hare, so my old gipsy friend assured me, and the dogs hunted her. He told me also of the Tadley witch who "wished" several people, and injured them. Old witches seem to have had a partiality for turning themselves into hares in order to vex the squires, justices, and country parsons who were fond of hunting, as the old dames could elude the speed of the swiftest dogs. Mary Dore, the parochial witch of Beaulieu, Hampshire, used to turn herself into a hare or cat, in order to escape detection when caught in the act of wood-stealing, to which she was much addicted. An old writer gives a remedy for this sorry state of things, and states "that never hunters nor their dogs may be bewitched, they cleave an oaken branch, and both they and their dogs pass over it." In fact, in old Draper's younger days and long after the atmosphere of the folklore firmament in many districts was entirely surcharged with the being and the works of the witch. Not a few people used to carry witch-wood, certain pieces of the rowan tree, which could only be cut on St. Helen's Day, and that with a household knife, and from a tree which the cutter had never seen before. Witch-wood was placed on the upper sill of the house door, over the stable door, the cowshed, and other outhouses. It was very necessary to protect the cows from the malpractices of witches, who used to steal the milk, and often turned themselves into hares in order to effect their purpose. To fire at them with silver slugs was the best way of stopping their mischief. Many were the stories Draper told me of the famous champions of the old Berkshire play of quarter-staff, of the prowess



of another old gipsy friend, one James of Saulhurst, who was a mighty man in his day. There was only one man who could "break his head," whose name I have forgotten. The Drapers were typical van-dwellers, attending fairs all over the country, selling baskets, clothes-pegs, and other articles of gipsy merchandise. They used to deal in horns, but though after the manner of their tribe they never cared for settled occupations, or for the luxury of soap and water, they had a remarkable character for honesty. Land Enclosure Acts, the stricter application of sanitary regulations, and other causes have thinned the ranks of our wandering gipsies and broken up the old picturesque romantic life so dear to the author of "Aylwin"; and the death of one of the last of his race, the oldest gipsy in the world, may not be without interest to the readers of COUNTRY LIFE.—P. H. DITCHFIELD.

#### "TIME PASSETH."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—"Time Passeth," in your last week's issue, must have been welcomed with delight by many of your readers. May it inspire some generous Briton, man or woman, to rescue Somersby from oblivion. Tennyson's fame is bound to increase as years progress and thousands make pilgrimage to the Rectory who revere his memory. Nor must we forget that it was also the birthplace of Charles Tennyson Turner, whose lines on revisiting the place are well worth remembering.—E. D. T.

#### HUNGARIAN PARTRIDGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your paper of January 18th there is a very interesting article on improving partridge shootings. Can you tell me: 1. Where Hungarian partridges can be bought in this country? 2. What is the best time for turning these birds out? 3. Do the imported birds mix with the native birds this season?—J. B. ADAMSON, Inglewood, Ledsham, Cheshire.

[1. You can get these at 27, Montague Square; 2. Just before the breeding season; 3. Yes.—ED.]

## THE GREAT SNOW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which may interest your readers. It shows what the snow did in a night during the recent storm in our district. It is a picture of the Devonshire Arms, a quaint old coaching-house in the Peak District. The landlord and his family had the greatest difficulty in digging their way out from the second storey windows. For some hours they were in danger of being buried alive—of course it was impossible to get help, as no one could come to their assistance, the roads being over 10ft. deep in snow.—EMMY KERE, Derbyshire.

[It is not often that we in the United Kingdom are visited with such severe weather as that recently experienced. It therefore gives us much pleasure to reproduce this interesting photograph—ED.]

## GAULTHERIA PROCUMBENS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In one of your recent interesting notes on flowering shrubs, I notice you recommend *Gaultheria procumbens*. I have found *Gaultheria Shallon* much the better plant, both for grace and for rapidity of growth. I do not understand why it should be so difficult and so expensive to obtain. My best specimens were given me some years since by my late kind neighbour, Lady Louisa Fortescue of Dropmore, where the growth of this shrub is a delightful feature along the sides of the carriage road.—HEDGERLEY.

[*Gaultheria procumbens* for the purpose for which it was intended—as a carpet plant to other shrubs—is more suitable than *G. Shallon*.—ED.]

## REMOVING LARGE TREES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am much interested in your gardening notes, and receive much assistance also from the correspondence, so venture to ask you about some tree lifting I contemplate carrying out. I have been told by some that it is a mistake to lift large trees, and by others that the work is quite simple, so between the two opinions I am in a difficulty. Would you kindly help me?—A. A., Surrey.

[We thank you for your kind expressions about our gardening notes, but it is impossible to assist you unless we have fuller particulars. We give prominence to your letter in the hope that other readers who intend to ask questions may do so in a way to ensure a correct answer. But we can give this general advice about tree lifting, and that is, the operation is *not* simple, nor one to be undertaken haphazard. It involves much time, labour, and expense, in many cases far more than the worth of the trees. If your trees are from 8ft. to 10ft. high you can lift them, but when they are above that they should be seen by an expert, who would express an opinion as to whether the trees could be safely moved, and also give the probable cost. Trees and shrubs of moderate dimensions can be purchased from a nursery. They undergo a certain process, being regularly transplanted, and brought into fit condition for removal. Our experience is that it is not so often in removing the trees as in planting that the failures occur. A tree may arrive safely in the purchaser's garden and then be killed through careless planting, allotting the work to someone who knows nothing about it. More things are killed through sheer ignorance than many are aware of, and in the hurry to get a garden full of flowers and trees and shrubs in one year the evil is more manifest. A healthy tree well planted should not die, but when

the Zulu War, they have also a sense of humour not inferior to that of their genial employers. A young friend of mine charged with the repair of telegraph wires in the rear of Lord Roberts's army when the Boers were particularly active on the line of communications had one or two "boys" sick, and decided to ask a Basuto chief who was in charge of some hundreds of his tribesmen repairing the permanent way to supply them. The Basuto, with a billycock hat on his head, was sitting with his back against the corner of a truck, smoking a short pipe, and dressed in a suit of dittos. To him our engineer, speaking very loud and clear in words of one syllable, as in that valuable work "Reading without Tears," said: "We—want—two—boys—telegraphers," at the same time holding up two fingers and pointing with the other



hand to certain "boys" near. The Basuto swelled took his pipe out of his mouth, and slowly repeated the request. "You—want—two—boys, and——" So our engineer friend said it all over again. The Basuto, without changing his expression in the least, replied in incisive and rapid Parliamentary English: "I don't know how far my instructions authorise me to detach two boys from the repair of the permanent way to assist you in the telegraph department. However, I will stretch a point, and do my best to accommodate you."—C. J. CORNISH.

## A BRAVE LAD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—My mistress has seen a paragraph in a daily paper telling how "a terrier" (who may have been a cousin of mine) "while running about on the thin ice on White Stone Pond at Hampstead fell into a hole in the middle, and would have been drowned had a lad not waded into the pond, breaking the ice as he went, and rescued the struggling animal." That lad was both brave and humane, and my mistress and I both think that something ought to be done to show that his gallant and kindly act in helping my poor little cousin in his distress and danger is appreciated. But the difficulty is to find him. Is it possible that a reader of your delightful paper who may reside at Hampstead can help in the matter of ascertaining his name and address? We would like at least to give him, say, a new suit of clothes in place of those which he must have damaged. Would it not be a good thing if the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals were to start a fund to be applied in rewarding brave and kindly acts of this kind when done to, or in the interest of, helpless but loving creatures, such as my poor cousin and myself, or to our more noble and stronger fellow-servants, the horses, or indeed to any other creatures who share both our places in creation and our most prized designation of "the Friends of Man." We do not doubt that such a fund would be well supported. —SHEVACH (only a little Scotch dog).

## SCOTTISH VILLAGE TYPES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In supplement to the article you wrote for us some time ago, you may like to reproduce the enclosed photograph of a Highland crofter from Skye. The rugged face is a very typical one indeed, telling of hardship and long labour by land and sea, with plenty of hints in it too of the strict dogmatic Presbyterianism prevalent among this class, and conveying an idea of equally dogmatic Radicalism, more characteristic of the old school perhaps than the new. I think you ought to admire his capacious raiment and particularly the home-knitted Tam-o'-shanter cap. At his side is the big pot, or "yetlin," fit alike for boiling porridge and pig's-meat. The house of stone and thatch, windowless and uncomfortable, is such as many a crofter has to dwell in. A picture of abject poverty it will probably be pronounced, and yet what an eloquent plea might be made for the greater treasuring of those poor folk who extract a scanty livelihood from land and sea and yet live open-air healthy lives, and produce far more vigorous children than spring from the streets. I think there is even an Imperial reason for protecting them, since these people, born in hearing of the breakers, quite naturally take to a seafaring life and become our best sailors. It is good for the fagged man of business to have a grouse moor, but it is better that the crofter should have his means of livelihood preserved.—G. A.



jammed into a hole half a size too small for its roots failure is certain. If you will tell us the dimensions of the trees and their names we will advise you further.—ED.]

## BASUTO HUMOUR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A good deal has appeared in official and other documents lately about our Kaffir friends and neighbours the Basutos. Shrewd judges of pony-flesh, good men at a bargain, splendid fighters when allowed to fight, as they were in